The Enterprise.

VOL. 2. BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1896. NO. 5.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:29 A. M. Daily
9:15 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
2:47 P. M. Daily.
4:19 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

SOUTH.

7:30 A. M. Daily.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
5:05 P. M. Daily
7:10 P. M. Daily.
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:20	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	9:00	3:00
" South	10:30	6:45

MAIL CLOSES.

No. 5. South.....8:30 a. m.
No. 14. North.....9:50 a. m.
No. 13. South.....2:30 p. m.
No. 6. North.....6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.

Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
Wm. P. McEvoy.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

John H. Dickinson and wife to Jacob Heyman—lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, block 48, Abbey Homestead..... 10
Henry Wormington to Hannah Wormington, half of lots 1 and 2, block 10, Robinson's Addition to Redwood City..... Gift
Wm. K. Flint to Edgar M. Wilson, block 17, Abbey Homestead..... 1
Wm. H. Howard to Eleanor D. Jarboe, 2.63 acres, Highland Park..... 10

According to the Trinity Journal W. B. Murdock of San Francisco has sold the whole of the Sybil group of mines on the French Gulch side of the divide. The buyers are Eastern people. This fertile ground first yielded a good crop of gold to Ben Phillips of Lewiston, who sold the property to Mr. Murdock in 1883.

The leading gas companies of the city of New York, including the Consolidated, the New York and East River, the Equitable, and the Standard Companies, are reported to have fromed a trust. The combined capital is estimated at $60,000,000.

The experimental tests recently made by the Buffalo Street Railway Co., in Buffalo, New York, on two of its lines of the electric power from the Niagra Power Company, has proved to be very successful, and the power from the falls will be gradually extended to the other lines of the system.

The members of the Pan-American Congress recently viewed the great drainage works in the valley of Mexico. A great reception was given in their honor by the Jockey Club.

The Downieville Messenger says the Baker ledge in Sailor Ravine is now owned solely by Dr. A. Jump, he having recently purchased an arrastra, which is now being set up at the mine.

Regular milk dealers at San Bernardino ask that the milk ordinance be amended to require all persons selling milk to pay a license, as now families with one cow cut into the business.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in This Column.

Phœnix, Arizona, now taxes circus parades $50 a piece.

An Oakland murderer is teaching a Scripture class in jail, using his own case for illustration

The State Farmers' Alliance talks of establishing a tannery with a new system of curing hides.

J. J. Patterson, sentenced to seven years for the killing of one Farrell in Idaho, has been released by the Board of Pardons.

San Francisco's saloon men have agreed to give to the city's orphan asylums half of next Christmas day's receipts at the bars.

The steam collier San Benito has been wrecked two miles north of Point Arena, near San Francisco. Seven lives were lost.

The recent flood in Oregon reached the sills of a bridge ordinarily fifty feet above the water and swept away the drug store of Dr. Dow at Vance.

Durrant has gained over fifteen pounds in weight since he was sentenced to be hanged for Blanche Lamont's murder at San Francisco.

Oakland friends of the Stevensons rejoice over the appointment of the late novelist's stepson, Lloyd Osborne, as United States Consul at Samoa.

The Pomona Fruit Exchange has decided to build an up-to-date packing-house alongside the Southern Pacific track. Bids are now being received.

Work has been commenced on a new track for the Ariel Bicycle Club of Vallejo. The ground, embracing a block, has been leased for a term of five years.

The Christian Endeavorers of the West Side Christian church at San Francisco, has organized and fitted up the first mission made by that organization in the city.

Riverside's license of $5 a day on horse traders, is inoperative, for while the details may have been arranged in town, the traders go just outside city limits to complete the deal.

William Green, a tailor, recently shot and dangerously wounded Antone Klement, his employer, at Ventura. The would-be murderer then put a bullet through his own brain.

Southern California has over 3750 Mines and 112 mills, including the Golden Cross, the second largest in the State. Her output in 1895 was $3,762,630.97 or $547,065.65 increase over '94.

The new rules adopted for Alameda's fire department hold each driver responsible for the horse and apparatus in his charge, and every article which is lost or dstroyed through carelessness must be placed by him.

C. H. Lang has six immense pumpkins in front of his real estate office on Main street, Salinas City, Cal. Their aggregate weight is 1075 pounds, the largest weighing 212 pounds. They were raised on the Gabilan.

The trustees of the Lick baths, San Francisco, have had to advance the price of a bath from 5 to 10 cents, as it is impossible to maintain the baths with less. Of the 100,043 people that took baths in the year just closed, 4452 bathed free.

Californians who own $50,000 worth of the bond of the Spring Hill Water Company of Seattle, have demanded payment. As they hold a trust on the water supply of the city, and as there is no money with which to pay the bonds, the plight of the City Council is embarrassing.

Rural free delivery mail has been established by the postoffice inspector in the vicinity of Tempe, Arizona, covering a thickly settled farming country. This is one of seven stations selected in the United States by the Postoffice Department for the trial of the experiment.

The Atlantic and Pacific has a large force of men laying track between Williams and Flagstaff with new eighty-pound rails. The company deserves credit for the large amount of track improvement it has made on its line this year, despite the general depression.

The Escondido canal to the San Luis Rey river is in good condition and there has been as much as 500 inches running into the reservoir since the last rain. By the time the next rain sets in the ditch will be capable of carrying 1500 inches. It will require about eight weeks to fill the dam, with the ditch carrying its present full capacity.

Unless scores of residents in the eastern portion of Sacramento have gone suddenly daft, the mysterious aerial visitant which passed over the city a few nights ago, is still haunting this locality, and people here are becoming more and more convinced that it is an airship of some kind, which is making nightly trial trips through the surrounding heavens. Men whose veracity cannot be doubted declare that the mysterious electrical light repassed the city far to the northward, going in a northeasterly diretcion, as though to the point from which it first came.

The following particular in regard to the drowning of the Shumaker family, near Swafford, Oregon, during the recent storm, are furnished by J. I. Schoonever of that place: The Cowlitz river rose until Shumaker's house was surrounded. He wanted to go to the hills, but his wife refused. The river rose rapidly several feet, and as the family had no food in the house, Mrs. Shumaker consented to leave. The husband hurriedly made a raft, upon which the wife and five children, all under 14 years of age, were placed. It was not large enough to hold him, and he fell into the water. He caught the raft with one hand and seized a stump with the other, but floating timbers struck the raft and broke his hold, and the raft, with his family, was swept out upon the swollen river and they were seen no more. Shumaker was rescued by the neighbors when nearly dead. A searching party found the body of one of the girls, 10 years old.

LATE NEWS NOTES.

The United States land office at Tucson is likely to do a rushing business from Yuma county during the next few months, as there will be many entries made on lands which will come under the big canal.

Dr. A. M. Holmes, of Denver, Col., explained to the Medical Congress at Mexico, a few days ago, his method of discovering the first symptoms of consumption, before the lungs are attacked. The discovery is considered of the greatest value.

Justice Wheaton of the Tulare county Indian reservation is setting an example for his white brethren to imitate. After fining a pistol thief and compelling him to return it to plaintiff, he addressed the latter thus: "Hold on, I've got something to say to you. You were drunk and had the gun on your person, so I'll fine you $6 for that offense."

The gorgeous ballroom at the Hotel Waldorf, New York, was the scene of an old-time "husking bee" a few nights ago. The affair was under the auspices of the National Society of New England Women and was patronized by the Four Hundred society followers, who entered into the frolic with a hilarity that was unique. A ball and supper followed.

The Democratic Congressional Convention to nominate a candidate to succeed the unexpired term of Charles F. Crisp was held at Hawkinsville recently. Charles R. Crisp, eldest son of the late ex-Speaker, was nominated by a rising vote. Mr. Crisp will be elected without Populist opposition. He is just 26 years of age, and will be one of the youngest members that ever occupied a seat in the national legislative halls.

The Daviess County, (Missouri), Savings Association, the oldest banking institution in that county, closed its doors a few days ago. Liabilities, $109,000 assets, about $160,000. Depositors will be paid in full. The bank was founded by Colonel J. B. McFerron, and is noted as being one of the first to be raided and robbed by the James brothers. This was in December, 1869, when they killed the cashier, Captain John Sheets.

While exploring an onyx cave near Mansfield, Ohio, a party of hunters unearthed four human skulls. It was supposed at first that they were the remains of Indians, but the subsequent discovery of several pieces of pottery and crude instruments of war, which it is known were not the handiwork of Indians, leaves no doubt that they were the bones of some prehistoric race, probably the mound-builders. The skulls were sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington for a further examination.

Two fishermen near Lompoc Landing, who thought they had found a fortune in the shape of 150 pounds of ambergris, an excretion from the spermaceti whale very valuable in the manufacture of perfumery, were badly taken back when experts pronounced the find a big lump of butter from some wreck, probably the St. Paul. The action of the water had discolored it until it was scarcely recognizable.

The Country Club has acquired a starter for an aviary in the shape of a golden eagle and an owl, captured in the mountains near Lompoc. A cage for each has been built, and the eagle christened McKinley and the owl McBryan.

The Vulture is being advertised for sale under a trust deed. It is thought that Senator Tabor has arranged for purchasing it, and that he will start it up on a large scale as soon as he gets it freed from litigation.

Recent excavations have weakened the walls of Montezuma Castle, the largest and finest cliff dwelling in the world. The people of Flagstaff are talking of a movement to raise funds for its repair and preservation.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

The population of Arkansas has increased 142, 46 since 1890.

Three people were kiled by a railroad train in Kentucky recently.

Grant Brambel of Minnesota has sold the patent of his rotary engine for £320,000.

The refunding bill will probably come up early in the next session of Congress.

A large building on Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, occupied by H. W. Luetkemeyer, was burned recently. The loss is very heavy.

It is understood that the Baltimore and Ohio is negotiating with the Reading for a through train service between New York and the South.

Mariel Hatfield, one of the notorious Hatfield family, is to be hanged at Sneedville, Ky., next month for murder. He is only 19 years old.

Rev. Thomas Conaty of Worcester, Mass., is reported as having been appointed rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

An abandoned coal mine has been on fire for twelve years, and now when it threatens other property, expensive litigation will ensue.

The Misses Hawes, owners of the Park City Theater, and lessess of the Auditorium in Bridgeport, Conn., want their estate declared insolvent.

A riot at the negro location, near No. 3 mine, in Spring Valley, Ill., has resulted in binding over to the Grand Jury eleven of the rioters.

A conference of railway labor leaders was held in Chicago to consider matters of legislation and to agree on a plan of action for the coming year.

In Hoboken, N. Y., there is a man named Leon, who proposes to start for California in a flying machine. He expects to cross the continent in two days.

The general officer of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have held their final conference and fixed the date of the next annual convention at November 3, 1897. The city was not decided on.

The Lee-line steamer City of Oseola, Capt. Henry Cooper, on her way from Ashport to Memphis, sank at Graighead Point, sixty miles above Memphis, Tennessee, a few nights ago. All the passengers and crew were saved. The cause of the accident was a hidden obstruction which the steamer struck while making a landing.

From present report it is likely that the ex-champion, John L. Sullivan, is suffering from a cancer on his right hand, and to save his life he will probably have to lose his arm. A number of sporting men are making arrangements to give him a benefit, the plan being to sell 1000 tickets at $100 each, and create a trust fund.

The shipments of sugar from Cienfugos, Cuba, will again be resumed after a long suspension. The first vessel for more than a year to bring sugar from Cuba was chartered in Philadelphia a few days ago. The vessel is the schooner Belle Wooster, which will take out a full cargo of coal from Philadelphia, returning with sugar.

The suits against the Mt. Lowe railway company continue to come, the last one to be filed being Prof. Lewis Swift, who has for the past two years operated the Mt. Lowe observations during which time he made a number of valuable discoveries. He was employed at a salary of $2000 per year, and now there is due him $962.60, for which he has brought suit.

A. G. Dunbar, of Denver, has made a proposition to the Santa Barbara Board of Trade to lease the proposed bathhouse, for which they are now raising funds, for a period of two years, provided a $10,000 structure is built; and, further, within that period he proposes to purchase all the stock of the company at par.

Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York, is making arrangements with Thomas A. Edison for treatment with the rays in the hope that his sight may be restored. Since the electrician began his experiments in applying the rays for the restoration of sight, no one has taken more interest in the subject than the millionaire merchant, who, for more than two years, has been pracitcally blind. He has tried every oculist and every treatment that promised relief and has offered $1,000,000 for a cure. John G. Martin has for some time acted as Mr. Rouss' proxy, hoping for a restoration of his own sight, and has submitted to all kinds of treatment, but without favorable results. Now he is to be a subject for the Roentgen rays. Before Mr. Martin becomes the subject for the Roentgen experiment Mr. Edison wishes to investigate further and solve preliminary problems.

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Wood and Coal.

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—:o:—

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN. W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House,)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

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GEORGE KNEESE

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—:o:—

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

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HARDWARE,
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Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

Chauncey M. Depew's fiancee is said to be a plump young woman who tips the scales at $3,000,000.

Even if he is unsuccessful in the theatrical business, Chauncey Depew will never have to walk home on the ties.

As if we didn't have troubles enough of our own just now it is announced that Harry Furnis of London Punch has arrived in New York and is going to sketch us.

A New York State merchant saved his money from highwaymen by wearing two pairs of trousers. Thus may Western folk take lessons in guile from the effete East.

Red tape in New York has stopped the cleaning of the streets. The chief use as yet found for red tape in the abstract is its remarkable strength when used to place common sense and public service in bonds.

It is related of an actor that he came very near marrying his sister by mistake. The marriage industry is so active among actors that the wonder is they do not more frequently make little errors of this description.

New York papers now use the expression "former governor," "former Congressman," etc., instead of "ex-governor," "ex-Congressman," etc. The best that can be said of this change is that it's the very w t innovation that has yet been sprung in that town of bad innovations.

An American heiress has married a foreign nobleman who possesses a pedigree running back to the thirteenth century. Men whose ancestry runs back so far may find themselves in the position of Sydney Smith when he declared that he gave up pedigree hunting because he had invariably found some of his ancestors disappearing about the time of the assizes.

One of the charities of Boston is the sand garden. Wherever there is any unused open place in the congested district it is covered with clean, white sand and the little children in the neighborhood invited to come to play. All sorts of toys and implements are given them. Sometimes the sand is placed in boxes and sometimes thrown directly on the ground. The children dig holes in it, cart it away in miniature wheelbarrows, build walls and towers, or even plant flowers and vines in the corner.

Fragments of a $2 treasury note were presented at the sub-treasury for redemption by a resident in one of the counties in Maryland. The note had been burned lengthwise through the middle, leaving the top and bottom margins. The burned portion that was missing was from a half to one and a half inches wide. The edges of the remaining parts were charred. The man said his home in the country was recently struck by lightning; that the note was in a cupboard at the time, and that the lightning entered the cupboard, burning the note as described. The number and seal on the parts of the note were legible and genuine, and the note was redeemed.

The practice of coin clipping is a very old one. In England, in the year 1248, such mischief had been done that, according to an ancient chronicler, "no foreigner, let alone an Englishman, could look on an English coin with dry eyes and unbroken heart." The opportunity for dishonesty was very tempting. The coins in circulation were of many different issues, not milled at the edges. In the early part of the reign of Edward I. the deficiency in the weight of coins was estimated at 50 per cent and the price of commodities rose to an alarming height. Trade became completely disorganized, shopkeepers refused the money tendered to them and the necessities of life were withdrawn from the markets.

A scandal from Rome reminds the world that Italy, too, has a nobility. Luigi Crispi, his father's son, cavaliere servante to the Countess Collere, was detained on the charge of having introduced a bravo into his lady-love's house to steal her jewels. He gave leg-bail and tried to hush the matter up. But at the trial it was developed that the Countess had been ruined gambling on the bourse with the minister's son, and, believing Luigi had stolen her jewels to refill his purse, she had tried to black-mail the senior Crispi into buying some Etruscan tombs upon her estates and creating her a lady of honor. The patricians settled the case by sending the bravo to jail, but young Crispi has deemed it best to retire to South America for a time.

The late Sir George Humphry, professor of surgery at Cambridge, is to be remembered as the author of the modern system of university medical education. He found the study of medicine and surgery neglected and despised at the great universities of England, and any one who had pursued it there regarded with suspicion. He has left the medical school of Cambridge second to none in dignity and the general esteem of the profession. In this country, likewise, the healing art is becoming more and more recognized as appropriately pertaining to university culture, and the compulsory extension of the course to four years, as in New York University and other institutions, will further raise the standard of professional proficiency.

A serious wreck occurred one recent Sunday at Windsor station, near St. Louis, on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad. As is usual in such cases, charges of specific carelessness and blame attach to some one for the accident, but the unusual feature of the case in question is that the railroad officials freely acknowledge the blame and allow the public to know where the responsibility lies. If railroad officials would always do this they would receive much more sympathetic consideration at the hands of the public when trouble occurs. It is extremely irritating to feel that railroad companies are trying to suppress facts concerning accidents or endeavoring to evade responsibility for them. Those who were to blame for the accident should not escape punishment for their carelessness, but the public will feel much more lenient toward them for the reason that there was no attempt made to suppress facts.

Mr. Greathead, the distinguished engineer, whose death is reported from London, was the originator of a method of constructing deep tunnels which was first successfully used under the Thames River. This tunnel was built five or six years ago, and has been in profitable operation ever since. It really consists of two separate tunnels, trains moving one way using one, and those in the opposite direction the other. Such a tunnel can be constructed at any depth below the surface—so far below as to cause not the slightest interference with structures at the level of the ground. Another tunnel on the same system has been begun in London, and, it is expected, will be extended twenty miles. This system is also being successfully employed in Berlin and Paris. When the question of underground roads for this city was first under discussion, there were those who believed that the Greathead plan could be employed with advantage here, but, though strongly urged on the Rapid Transit Commission, it did not meet with acceptance.

The Rev. James Vila Blake, of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, furnished a commendable example on the occasion of the burning of his church of the value of coolness and good judgment in time of danger. Just before the services were to begin he discovered that the church was on fire. Instead of giving the alarm in a manner to arouse sudden fear, thus increasing the likelihood of a panic, he stepped quietly into his pulpit and asked the congregation to leave the church at once by the rear door. He said there was fire in the front end of the building, but assured his hearers that there was time for all to leave in an orderly manner, which they did. A more thoughtless and hysterical course of action on Mr. Blake's part might have led to panicky conditions, with possibly serious consequences. The value of coolness and presence of mind in time of danger, such as Mr. Blake manifested is something which all men who may be confronted with responsibility in case of emergency should learn when occasion requires.

At the recent colonial conference at Ottawa, Canada, the following resolution respecting the proposed Pacific cable was passed: "That in the opinion of this conference immediate steps should be taken to provide telegraphic communications by cable, free from foreign control, between the dominion of Canada and Australasia; that the imperial government be respectfully requested to undertake at the earliest possible moment, and to prosecute with all possible speed, a thorough survey of the proposed cable route between Canada and Australasia, the expense to be borne in equal proportions by Great Britain, Canada and the Australasian colonies." As the outcome of the conference it was determined to hold a Pacific cable conference in London, at which the whole subject could be gone over by delegates from all parts of the British dominions affected by the proposed scheme. The Canadian cabinet has appointed representatives who will sail at once for London, attend the conference as delegates and report to the government as to results. Whether as the immediate outcome of the London conference, or of later movements, there is little doubt that the proposed cable will be laid at an early day. The advantages of linking together the widely sundered parts of the British empire by cable and telegraphic communication are too obvious to make enumeration necessary. As a London paper recently remarked, apropos of this scheme, the single word "war" flashed by cable to Canada and Australia and India might more than repay the cost of the cable itself. Great Britain of late years has become firmly wedded to the notion that cable connection via Canada with Australia and swift communication by steamers from British Columbia to Australia may one day be of vast importance to her, and she has been taking steps accordingly at Vancouver. The time is ripe for the great cable, and doubtless it will be laid in the near future. Americans must realize how important it is for the United States to have cable communication of its own with the Hawaiian islands, Japan, Asia and Australasia. Canadian enterprise with British backing must not be permitted to seize and control the trade of the far east.

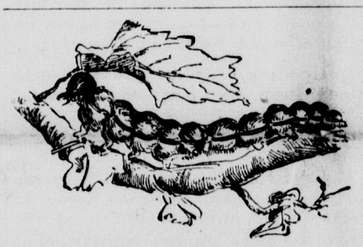
Acquaintance—How much do you pay your typewriter? Humorist—Twenty-five dollars a week. Acquaintance—Isn't that rather a high salary? Humorist—Well, yes; but you see, she has to write out all my jokes.—Somerville Journal.

The Army Worm.

While we do not think there is much likelihood of a recurrence of the army worm pest next year, yet it may be well in case we should have another infliction to know a little more about it. The New York Agricultural Experiment Station has devoted Bulletin No. 104 to an investigation of the beast, and from it we extract some facts which our readers would do well to bear in mind.

The eggs are very small, globular in form, and nearly white in color. They are usually laid in the leaf sheaths of grasses and grains, and the early brood, which does the mischief, oviposit freely in the cut straw of old stacks, in hay ricks, in old corn shocks, and in bits of corn stalk that have been left upon the surface of the ground in pastures. This will explain a fact that has been noted by many, that the worms started in blue grass pastures on which cord fodder had been fed to cattle.

The young caterpillars come forth in about ten days from the time the eggs are laid. In case the eggs were placed on fresh grass or grain, the young larvae feed for a time in the sheath where the eggs were placed, but finally include the whole blade in the bill of fare. They are full grown in about four weeks. At this time a single larvae measures about an inch and a half in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter. They may be briefly described as being smooth, naked caterpillars, moderately dark in color, with longitudinal stripes running the full length of the body. The third stage in the insects' life begins when the caterpillars go into the ground or under stones to make the wonderful change from an active caterpillar to an apparently lifeless creature. This stage is



THE ARMY WORM.

called the pupa stage, or, in the case of the butterflies and moths, is more familiarly known as the chrysalic stage. A single chrysalis measures about three-fourths of an inch in length.

Capacity of a Corn Crib.

It is a safe rule in estimating the size of a crib, to allow two cubic feet to each bushel of corn. By a cubic bushel is meant 70 pounds of ear corn, which is equivalent to 56 pounds of shelled corn. The rule is to allow 14 pounds for cob in the fall, and 12 pounds in the spring after the corn has been dried out perfectly. Two cribs thirty feet long, six feet wide and ten feet high, will by this rule hold 1,800 bushels. Ten feet is too high to throw corn easily with a scoop shovel, but there can be two openings for each crib extending down to within four or five feet of the floor, and when the crib is full to the bottom of these, short boards can be placed across them, as the crib is filled, and most of the filling can be done with ease. When the cribs must be filled to the top, a boy or man can throw corn back to the ends and fill it, so as to utilize all the space.

Preserve a Record.

It would be no bad plan for every farmer, and particularly for every young farmer, to make a resolution—and keep it—to preserve an intelligible record of all his transactions, the times, the seasons, the crops grown, the dates of planting, with such history of their progress as will throw light upon the results reached. How one's time has been employed, what work was done, when, and in short every fact relating to the economy of the farm might be briefly but intelligibly noted. Such a record, even for a single year, would be of value in planning for the next year, enabling the farmer to better plan his work, because the points at which he succeeded, as well as those at which he failed during the previous year, would be full of suggestion and reminder.

The Advance in Wheat.

The price of wheat has advanced in all parts of the world, and is due to legitimate causes. First came a drouth in Australia, which cut down the last crop in the colonies very materially. Later the advices from Adelaide indicate great need of rain, and the next crop there may be dwarfed on that account. Two bad years in succession in Australia are improbable, but not impossible. The crop in the Argentine Republic is short for the same reason, and this is also true of India and Russia. The spectacle of California shipping wheat to Calcutta is one tho world has never before beheld.

Pay Off and Quit.

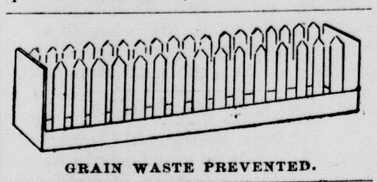
Whenever there is any misunderstanding between employer and employe on the farm, and one or the other feels that they have not had their just deserts, it is time to pay off and quit. These sores never heal up entirely, and it doesn't pay to doctor them up, and have them break out in a new place worse than ever.

A Time for Liberality.

A little neighborly help and counsel may go a great ways toward keeping some people from failure. There are in every community those who are in a position to either distress or to help their less fortunate neighbors. In most cases it will do these people no good to draw the lines too tightly, while such action may cause the failure of some who would otherwise have avoided it. A man may be pretty hard up financially, and yet be all right. If his creditor knows this and takes advantage of it in a time of financial unrest the debtor and the whole business community are wronged, usually with no advantage to the creditor. No one is urged to take any great risk for the sake of accommodating a neighbor, yet all should realize the good that a little leniency may do, and the harm that may result from the opposite course.

Poultry Feeding Rack.

For the bottom take a board 1 inch thick, 6 inches wide and 6 feet long, ends 1 inch thick, 6 inches wide and 18 inches long. Nail solid to ends of bottom; their ends flush with underside of bottom. Two strips half an inch thick and four inches wide are nailed to the edges of the bottom, thus making a trough three inches deep with ends 18 inches high. Then take strips one-quarter inch thick, 3 inches wide and



GRAIN WASTE PREVENTED.

18 inches long, pointed at upper end, and nail them to the sides of the trough, leaving a space between pickets of 1½ inches for chicks or 2 inches for fowls. This gives a complete and durable feed rack, where the weak have equal chance with the strong, and no waste of feed.—Farm and Home.

No American Fat Stock Show.

There will be no American Fat Stock Show in Chicago this year. The Illinois State Board of Agriculture has decided that the time is too short to allow for proper arrangements being made. The stockmen, too, are of the opinion that it would not be convenient for them to attend, the time being too short for them to get their herds in condition. It is probable that another cause has operated to some extent. The Springfield fair involved them in debt about $15,000, and they had asked to have a guarantee fund of $20,000 raised if the fat stock show was to be held. Only $15,000 of the latter sum had been subscribed.

Dead Furrow a Nuisance.

The dead furrow is always a nuisance in preparing land for a crop, unless it is upon wet lands, which must necessarily be thrown into ridges a couple of rods wide to carry off surface water. The reversing plow is now used and highly recommended when it is desirable to have lands level. We shall investigate this reversible plow and report upon its practical utility another season.

Dairy Dots.

It is well to remember that colds will come with the best of breeding.

If a cow has a sore teat, milk very carefully, and apply extract of witch hazel.

If a cow's teats are muddy or covered with other filth, they should be washed with water and then wiped dry before beginning to milk.

With temperature under control and churning direct at the right time, the butter will come solid so as to be easily handled and free from buttermilk.

When the butter is marbled, it is either caused by leaving too much buttermilk in the butter at the last working or the salt has not been distributed evenly.

Much of the average farm butter contains many of the essentials of good quality, but because it fails in one or more essentials it fails to bring best prices.

The laws enacted during the past two years with reference to oleomargarine seem to be slowly but surely reducing the output of the stuff, and they are certainly of great benefit to the legitimate dairy interests.

Agricultural Atoms.

Chinch bugs winter over among dead grass, in corn shocks, piles of rubbish, and along fences, especially hedges.

The potato blight is on the increase. Bordeaux mixture for blight and Paris green for bugs will have to be kept in stock by the potato grower.

For storing corn fodder, either shredded or bulk, any sort of a shed that has a rainproof roof will do. All that is necessary is that it be kept dry.

Land that is rich enough to produce crops on the "intensive" plan does not need rest, but a judicious rotation must be kept up, with clover mixed in somewhere.

Make your cellars frost proof, whitewash them, and let them at all times have light, and be capable of frequent ventilation. A cellar may be of greater value, or a nuisance.

The preponderance of evidence seems to be against the replowing of corn land for wheat. The land is in good condition without plowing. Cut the corn off low and drill in the wheat.

To tell when pumpkins are ripe chip them with the finger nail. If the nail makes a snapping noise when breaking through the rind it is ripe, but if it makes no noise or the chip comes off soft it is not ripe.

CONCEALING A SCRAWNY NECK.

MANY women decide without due investigation that they cannot wear low-necked dresses. Prominent collar bones and a "washboard" chest may be concealed by a skillful arrangement of the bodice when evening dress is required. The thing to do is to study the neck until its best points are determined, and then to so dress it that these are brought out where the defects are concealed. Sometimes the neck is pretty at the nape or along the slope to the shoulder. Then let the gown be cut square front and back, and it may be a little lower in back than in front. In front it must be only a bit lower than where ugliness begins. In front, too, the cut will narrow a little more sharply to pass over the shoulders than it does at the back. Into the edge of the gown set a band of insertion as wide as seems needed and finish the insertion by a frill of very narrow lace, tiny ribbon in beading being between it and the lace. This ribbon will draw the insertion close to the neck, and it is a wonder how delicate insertion will not seem to make the neck higher, and yet will mask the scrawniness and not hide smoothness.

Women on the Street Cars.

"Street car companies," said the new woman, "do not appreciate women. Why, do you know that women are their best patrons? They ride oftener, they ride shorter distances and they are forbearing to the last degree. A woman who has two or three blocks to travel will hail a street car. A man walks the same distance. It should not surprise me to find more than half of the nickels which find their way into the coffers of the street car companies were contributed by women. I've seen a woman spend 30 cents on street car fare going up and down the Sixth avenue shopping district. A man seldom gets into a street car unless he wishes to ride at least ten blocks. That's the reason I say that we women should have every privilege in street cars, and that we should not be driven from smoking cars because a few men wish to smoke, or passed carelessly by when we are trying to make the conductors stop the cars."

Cabinet Ladies on Wheels.

What was once a stately old colonial mansion known as the Van Ness place in Washington has been turned into a fashionable bicycle academy, and here several of the cabinet ladies have learned to ride the wheel. Velvet lawns and elaborate flower beds have long since disappeared. Mrs. Carlisle, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, has at last, after many painful efforts, vanquished the steed of steel, and Mrs. Daniel Lamont learned quite easily. She is a graceful woman and quickly learned the difficult arts of mounting and dismounting. She did not have a single fall worthy of the name. With Mrs. Carlisle it was different. Her wheel seemed to play her all manner of tricks. It ran away. In spite of careful steering it would dash into every obstacle she especially determined to avoid. Mrs. Carlisle, for some reason, does not take very kindly to it, and even now, after sevral months' instruction and practice, is afraid to go any distance alone.

Spinsters of To-day.

The spinster of the past was depicted as thin and scraggy, sour of temper and disgruntled with the world. Heaven knows she had just cause to be. She was foredoomed to live with some relative, no matter how uncongenial, because she was supposed to have perpetual need of a protector, though her age and ugliness might have been a sufficient chaperon anywhere on earth. She was expected to have no opinions or tastes, to prefer to ride backward and eat the drumsticks of the chicken and to have an insatiable passion for teaching children the catechism. That was under the happiest conditions. When the old maid was poor and dependent, then, indeed, her bread was bitter and her drink was tears. Happily, modern progress has changed this. The old maid is no longer scrawny and sour. She has discarded the meek and self-abnegating black alpaca for frills and frivols. She has a thousand interests. She teaches, she type-writes, she paints, she does a hundred things that are money-earning. She travels where she pleases and sees the sunny side of life, and the last thing she dreams of needing is the sympathy of preachers and laymen.

The Five O'clock Tea.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once described an afternoon tea as an occasion when people "giggle, gabble, gobble and git." In too many cases this is true, but it also serves to bring together pleasant people, who in this simple way grow better acquainted with one another, and get lots of good ideas that they would never obtain from the most intellectual of clubs. The very fact that people are not expected to give their views in so many set phrases, written on paper and delivered with elocutionary emphasis, often removes restraint and stiffness, and puts people in a frame of mind to utter their most brilliant and spontaneous witticisms. The fondness for the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates" is steadily increasing and the popularity of the herb is constantly pushing westward.

Cradles Out of Fashion.

The cradle, familiar through centuries, is giving way to the crib, and cribs of iron and brass are taking the place of wooden cribs. At one large furniture establishment cradles were not kept at all; it sold only cribs. At other places the sales of cribs greatly exceeded that of cradles. Of the cradles now sold only the cheapest are made to rock on rockers in the old-fashioned way, by far the greatest number swing between standards. There are now made, however, cradles that rock on platform rockers, like those of the modern platform rocking chair.

Wedding Invitations.

The latest style wedding invitation is much larger than formerly, rather longer than it is wide, on unglazed paper, in paragraph form, with everything, even the dates, written out. It is customary to make them very formal and "requests the honor of your presence" and "half after six," instead of half-past six, is the accepted fashion.

The Bride's Veil.

A square veil from the hem of the gown in front to the edge of the train in the back is considered more the thing than one with a short, removable piece to the knees in front. The opening is left on the left side and is thrown back by the maid of honor before the briday party leaves the altar. This looks very billowy and is very becoming put back so.

SWIMMING PARTIES THE LATEST SOCIETY FAD.

Flings at the Fair Sex.

Clara—Isn't your love for him very sudden? Maude—Well, his aunt died very suddenly.—Life.

Tom—I don't see what makes you so confident that she will marry you. Ned—Why, everybody in her family has told her that she sha'n't.—Somerville Journal.

"Is he happily married?" "Well, his wife is the sort of woman who will stand up near the rear door of a street car when there are vacant seats further up front."—Puck.

"I don't see what you women find to talk about at your literary circle," he sneered. She gave him a pitying look. "You must remember, Harry, that all the members are never present at any one meeting."—New York Press.

"Girls of the jury," exclaimed the counseless for the defense, "we are guilty of murdering our husband and four children, but we plead extenuation. We look perfectly lovely in black." It was evident that the twelve good women and true were profoundly moved.—Detroit Tribune.

"Billingshurst says he has mastered his typewriter at last," said the married man. "Does he mean a machine or a girl?" asked the single man, who often tried to be funny. "The machine, of course," said the married one, wearily. "Didn't I just tell you he has mastered it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Do Not Reach Earth.

In the Colorado desert they have rainstorms during which not a single drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above the desert, but when the water reaches the strata of hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground. It is a singular sight to witness a heavy downpour of rain, not a drop of which touches the ground. These strange rainstorms occur in regions where the shade temperature often ranges as high as 128 degrees Fahrenheit.—Kansas City Star.

The Nose.

The nose is intended for breathing, the mouth for speaking and eating. Who has ever seen a horse breathing otherwise than through his nostrils? Minute scientific investigation has revealed the fact that the number of people who breathe through their nostrils are becoming gradually but surely fewer in number. The consequence is that the nostrils decrease in size, while it has been found that the prevailing nose is quite an inferior organ to that of our forefathers.

Doctors at the present time are frequently asked to operate on noses and to enlarge them. Their owners have found that they do not fulfill their functions as well as they used to. It is beginning to be feared by scientific people that if matters grow much worse we shall lose the use of our nasal organs entirely.

It is a well known physiological fact that unused muscles and bones gradually disappear. Fish who live in the dark, for instance, or the mole, who resides underground, become blind. Thus, if we cease to use our noses for breathing, they will cease to exist. They will become superfluous!—Pearson's Weekly.

EASY TO COUNTERFEIT.

Secret Service Officers Watching For Bogus Copies of New Bills.

The secret service officers of the treasury department have been repeatedly warned of late to be on their guard against a flood of counterfeits of the new $1, $2 and $5 bills. These bills are beautiful from a pictorial, high art view, but expert engravers say nothing so easy to counterfeit has been issued from the bureau of engraving and printing in 25 years.

It will take the general public a year to become familiar with the new money, which is totally unlike any bills previously in circulation, a fact which will be of great assistance to the "coniackers" in floating spurious paper. The secret service bureau has not yet secured any direct trace of stimulated activity among dangerous people who are handy with engravers' tools and those recognized as "suspects," but they are sleeplessly vigilant.—Washington Star.

ITS LESSON.

From the hard times people will reap lessons of experience, learning how to act with more care in business and how to apply remedies for the stringency of such times. With more care we will have less accidents, and much less suffering if we know the true remedy. In the field and work-shop, indeed in all activities, sprains and bruises happen and bring the hard times of pain and suffering. Experience teaches that it is always best to get the best remedy, which is the cheapest in the end. Experience points to St. Jacob's Oil as without question the best remedy for such mishaps, being the surest and promptest cure. Suffering brings hard times even in prosperity. The best remedy for it is the surest way out of them.

First Philadelphian—Who did you vote for Tuesday? Second Philadelphian—Andrew Jackson. Who did you vote for? First Philadelphian—Why, Abraham Lincoln of course.

PHYSICIANS WISE IN THEIR GENERATION.

The above class of scientists recognize, and have repeatedly borne testimony, to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and infirm conditions of the system. Experience and observation have taught them its value. They but echo the verdict long since pronounced by the public and the press. Only the benighted now are ignorant of America's tonic and alterative.

The nurse (smilingly,)—Well "it" is twins. Wheeler (crushed)—Heavens, I hope bicycles will be cheaper next year.

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CONSUMPTIVES AS SHEPHERDS.

Many Persons with Pulmonary Complaints Follow the Occupation.

The California shepherd is an individual almost entirely unknown to the rest of the world. Even the residents of the State hardly know of his existence, while the cowboy has a world-wide fame. The reason for it is not hard to find. It is because the men are different in almost every way, particularly in disposition. And, after all, the difference is to a large extent caused by the animals they care for.

The villainous cowboy who would rather fight than eat and thinks that the noblest things in the world are forms of dissipation can get no satisfaction for his nature in caring for such gentle creatures as sheep. He wants something that he can swear at, like a vicious steer, that would be only too glad to gore him to death if he would let him. He wants to dash wildly over the range on a pony as vicious as the steer, or himself, for that matter, and ride through small settlements like a demon. The beasts in his care are not easily hurt, and he can abuse them as much as he feels like by lassoing them, throwing them down and branding them. There is nothing gives a cowboy as much pleasure as branding a bull that has given him considerable trouble. He likes to see the creature squirm in agony as he presses the hot iron into its flesh. To kill one that is demoralizing to the herd is the height of his delight.

In marked contrast to this individual is the sheep herder—that is, the majority of sheep herders. To be sure, there are some almost as bad as the cowboys, but they are for the most part men who are employed by ranchers for so much a month and are delegated to the work as they might be to any other work on the ranch. But they don't like it. The real sheep herder, and he is largely in the majority, is the man who follows it in preference to anything else. A man who is attached to the work would rather watch sheep on the hills than be the president of a bank.

Another class of men who watch sheep are those who do it for their health. Dozens of men claim to have been cured of consumption simply by putting in several months at watching sheep. The work gives what is most required in the deadly disease—plenty of fresh air, moderate exercise and employment that is not wearing on the brain, but is still enough to keep it occupied and prevent nervousness. Of course, if a man has plenty of money he can get these things without herding sheep, but there are many men who need them badly who have no money, and all who have taken advantage of this knowledge have surely been benefited. A number of men who have taken up sheep herding have become so fascinated with it that they have stuck to it long after they got over the trouble.

Of course, it is not an easy matter to get employment of this kind, but if the owner of the range knows the applicant he will be almost sure to give him work, as he knows he is likely to get good service. The pay is small, about $25 a month and provisions, which the man must cook himself, except when the sheep are close to the ranch house. But this does not happen often. It is no matter whether the sheep herder is an old or a new hand, the work expected of him will be the same under any circumstances.

Sheep ranges in California are scattered all over the State, but the greater number of them can be found in the foothills of the Sierras all the way from Siskiyou to Tehachapi and on the other side of the mountains. The work of looking after them lasts all year, although more must be done at one time than another.—San Francisco Call.

On the Outside.

The Coreans pay great attention to the cleanliness of their outer robes. No one who respects himself will ever appear in a dirty coat.

Consequently, the women's chief occupation consists in washing the raiment of their lords and masters, and far into the night can be heard the tapping of sticks with which the wet clothes are beaten.

This is a most destructive process, by the way, as the clothes are but roughly tacked together and are glued at the seams with rice paste.

They come to pieces every time they are washed, and have to be reglued when dry. This regard for cleanliness, unfortunately, does not extend to the underclothing or the body.

In summer basket-work frames are worn on the arms, back and chest, under the robes, in order to keep the latter clean and also for coolness.

Made to Fit.

Friend (to Mr. Levy)—Don't you think it's a pity, Levy, to let your little son walk so early? He is getting quite bandy legged.

Mr. Levy—I vants him to get bandy legged. You see, I am bandy legged minselluf, and ven my boy is old enough to vear mine left-off trousers dey vill fits him petter if he is bandy legged!—Fun.

Understood It Differently

His Fiancee (with enthusiasm)—And were you ever in a real engagement, major?

The Major (misunderstanding)—Never before, I assure you.—Detroit Free Press.

The Stumper Stumped.

Politicus—My son, you must learn to say "no."

Son—But, father, you never say "no." You say: "I'll consider the matter."—Truth.

Dissipation is the candle of the soul burning at both ends.

The political problems of this year may be the chestnuts of '96.

OUT WITH OLD NOSTRUMS.

Try Paine's Celery Compound, the Most Advanced Remedy That Science Can Give.

MRS. R. R. PRATT.

MRS. W. R. JOHNSON.

There are very intelligent men and women who still prefer open fires to steam pipes and furnaces.

But only a very shallow-minded person would deliberately choose an old-fashioned remedy in case of sickness.

Sufferers from neuralgia, rheumatism or kidney trouble want the surest and most advanced remedy science can give them. Getting well is not a matter of sentiment, but the most seriously practical matter. That is why the most thoughtful and conservative people now use Paine's celery compound, and recommend it to friends and relatives who are threatened or afflicted with nervous exhaustion, sleeplessness, disordered liver or blood diseases.

That wonderfully acute and patient investigator, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth college, embodied in Paine's celery compound the most progressive, yet thoroughly established, views on the cure of diseases of nervous origin.

All of the imitators of Paine's celery compound—every one knows how many there are—have proved to be entirely wide of the mark. Their promises of astonishing curative abilities are easily made on paper; but they are not kept.

It is easy to verify every claim made by Paine's celery compound. There is no village so small but it contains families in which this wonderful remedy has made some member well. Men who weigh their words and are careful what they write above their signatures have publicly given this great invigorator its deserved credit for health-making powers such as no other remedy ever received.

That Paine's celery compound certainly cures such diseases as neuralgia, sleeplessness and dyspepsia does not admit of a doubt. It builds up the entire nervous system, plumps out the tissues, starts the blood into healthy circulation and regulates the action of the nerves. It makes people well, strong and energetic.

Mrs. R. R. Pratt of Centre Brook, Conn., whose portrait is given here, says plainly:

"I find Paine's celery compound a perfect medicine. I took several bottles for general debility, and it did for me all I could ask. It made me well. I have recommended it to my friends, and they all speak in its praise."

Paine's celery compound is the most assured and direct means of getting back a full store of vitality. It is a true nerve regulator. It exterminates all vicious humors that linger in the blood. It cures rheumatism, and is used by physicians as a specific for this disease.

Says Mrs. W. R. Johnson of Cape Rozier, Me:

"I was attacked with rheumatic fever in its worst form. I employed the best physicians, but received no permanent relief. When I commenced to take Paine's celery compound my feet and hands were swollen so badly that they were useless. I could not walk a step and was suffering very much. When I had taken four bottles of Paine's celery compound I could walk well, and I continued until I took six bottles. It made me perfectly well, and I have been so ever since. I wish the whole world might know of its great value."

Paine's celery compound makes people well!

Winter searches out the weak parts in the body: colds settle in the deranged organs and develop disease. Make every part of the body sound; build up the strength and be ready for the shock of cold weather by taking Paine's celery compound

A Legal Opinion.

"Do you think there is anything in this case?" asked the junior partner of the law firm.

"Certainly," answered the senior partner. "Our client is worth a million."—Detroit Free Press.

Gustavus Adolphus was the Snow King, from the fact that his dominions were termed the Snow Kingdom.

Twelve days are required for mail from New York to be delivered via London in Barcelona, Spain.

Gladness Comes
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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SENEFELDER'S DISCOVERY.

The Great Value of Lithography In the World of Modern Art.

The full significance of Senefelder's great discovery, just 100 years ago, was not so much that a calcareous stone may be bitten by a weak solution of acid, so that the raised portion when greased (the surrounding parts being wet) may print in a press like a wood cut—though with a scraping, not a direct downward, pressure—but it consisted in the demonstration, in the first place, that prints from its surface may be reduplicated in vast numbers without visible deterioration, and in the second, and still more important, that each such print is practically an original. Nay, more than this. As M. H. P. Dillon reminds me in a panegyric on his favorite art, the greatest merit of this method of preserving and indefinitely multiplying a drawing lies in the escape of the artist from the traduttore traditore—from misrepresentations by engraver or by camera. Indeed, when the artist has made his design upon the stone itself, each impression from it is as much the original as each and every photographic print taken from a negative is an original and not a copy of any other thing. Even when the artist has drawn upon transfer paper instead of on the stone (proceeding for convenience sake, which, in the opinion of some purists, is held in a measure to invalidate the name of lithography as applied to it, though not thereby reflecting in any degree on the beauty of the work itself), the impressions taken are still originals, inasmuch as the actual work, the artist's own lines and dots, have in due course been transferred bodily by mechanical pressure to the surface of the stone, and this, after it has been inked and printed from, renders each proof then taken of equal excellence. And the point of it all is this, that until the stone is inked and a print taken the artist's work is not complete; so that every print does really become a genuine original.—M. H. Spielmann in Scribner's.

Prayer Opened Factory Doors.

The prayers of Father Sutter's congregation at Tuckahoe, N. Y., have been answered, and the Hodgman Rubber company's factory, the chief support of the little town, will reopen at once. Ever since it closed, on Sept. 21, the congregation has prayed for its reopening. At a meeting of creditors at the Astor House a settlement was effected on a basis of 50 cents on the dollar.—New York World.

Remarkable Catch of Fish.

What is believed to have been the largest number of fish ever taken in a net at one haul was made at Karluk, Alaska, this summer. In one haul 75,000 fish were caught. Each fish averaged about 11 pounds, and the entire catch weighed about 412 tons. It is almost impossible for a person unfamiliar with fishing to realize the vast pile of fish in such a haul.—San Francisco Chronicle.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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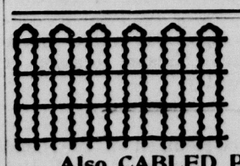
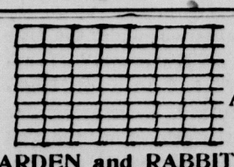


STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.



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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1896.

A DEPARTMKNT OF MINES AND MINING.

The mines and mining interests of the Untied States are asking recognition by the Government and a seat at the council board of the nation. The mineral resources of the country are, by reason of their vast and varied character and rapidly increasing importance, entitled to just consideration and generous treatment.

The aggregate value of the mineral products of the United States, for the year of 1889, as shown by the abstract of the eleventh census, was nearly six hundred millions of dollars, covering a large number and variety of ores and ore products, metalic and non-metalic, the principal of which were, in the order of their value, as follows, viz., pig iron, coal, silver, building stone, gold, petroleum, copper, lime, natural gas, lead, zinc, cement and salt. The increase in value of the mineral products of the United States, from 1880 to 1890, was about 60 per cent, while the increase in the value of agricultural products for the same period was a little less than 11 per cent.

This is the age of systematic classification and specialization in the world of business, and the methods which have proved successful in the conduct of private interests may well be applied to public affairs.

Agriculture has been accorded a separate department in the government, and a secretary with a seat in the National Cabinet.

The mineral resources of the United States, so vast and varied, second only to those of agriculture in magnitude and importance, deserve generous consideration and treatment at the hands of the National Legislature. We believe a department of mines and mining should be created by Congress, and should like to see its first secretary selected from the Golden State. California has a distinguished citizen of character and brains, in the person of Hon. Jacob Neff, president of the California Mining Association, who would fill the position admirably, and well.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

With a modern, enlightened, economical, and effective road law and system in California similar to that of either New York, New Jersey or Massachusetts, classifying the public highways and dividing them into State, county and district roads, with State aid to the principal thoroughfares, road work done by contract and under the supervision of competent road engineers, California would, in a comparatively short time, and with no increase over the present rate of taxation for this purpose, have a system of public roads as good as any in the world.

With such a road law and system, we could look forward to the certainty of seeing a grand, good, broad highway stretching down from the Golden Gate to the Garden City of California.

Fifty miles from San Francisco to San Jose, overlooking the blue waters of our broad bay, and traversing one of the most beautiful stretches of country upon this green globe, lies the route of Californias' future great highway and boulevard. Such a thoroughfare, combining in one, a perfect highway and driveway, would convert this beautiful peninsula into a paradise of suburban homes. The incoming Legislature will not have existed in vain if it gives this State a modern road law and system.

A NEW ROAD LAW SYSTEM.

The San Francisco Chronicle of Sunday last contained a timely and instructive editorial article upon the "good roads" question, under the title of the Bureau of Highways." It appears that the State Bureau of Highways has prepared a comprehensive report upon the subject of "the road laws of this and other States, the physical condtions of this State in their relation to roadbuilding and the economic and legal status of highway conditions in each county." The information gathered by the Bureau of Highways will prove highly valuable and its recommendations are entitled to, and doubtless will have, great weight with the Legislature, in shaping the road law system of the State.

How can President McKinley pay the old soldiers $158,000,000 with $41,000,000 income or product of gold the annual yield of this country? . . Thousands of voters are saying just wait until next time. What do they mean?—Colusa Guard. They mean, Brother Cartmell—at least a majority of them do—that they will vote for the party that can furnish the biggest sack. —Los Alamos Central.

If these same old soldiers are satisfied with the prospect of the payment of their pensions by President McKinley, why should the souls of our Popocratic brethren be filled with solicitude over the matter?

If, however, these gentlemen of the Popocratic press find any solace or satisfaction in abusing the voters of the country, let them sail in. No one will take them seriously, in view of the painful shock they have so recently experienced, and from which they have evidently not fully recovered.

The past week has been an active one at the stock yards and packing-houses. The business in hogs and sheep continues especially heavy. The large force is working on full time and everybody is happy.

The improvement in the business aspect about town is also noticeable, particularly among the hotels and boarding-houses.

Shippers are bringing their stock to this market, for the reason that they obtain the top price and cash upon delivery of their stock.

Retailers are purchasing of the Western Meat Company, because its meat products are first-class and sold close to the cost line.

The increasing growth and steady development of the great meat industry at this place means that eventually, and at no distant day, California will cease importing from Chicago and the East, and will produce at home all the meat products consumed by her people.

FOUL.

The Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight was lost and won on a foul, so said Wyatt Earp, referee and famous gun-fighter from Arizona and elsewhere.

Most assuredly it was foul. The whole business is foul and goes on befouling the press and public with no promise or prospect of abatement.

The wonder is that so many fools can be found ready and willing to feed these foul fighters.

The young man who is anxious to lay the world at the feet of the girl he adores, three months after he marries her, isn't willing even to lay the carpet.—Middletown Independent.

Joe Rose, of Pleasanton, raised eight acres of sugar beets the last season, which produced thirty-five tons of beets to the acre.

Frost Preventative.

Commenting on experiments being made to determine the effect produced by artificial means upon the temperatrue, the Riverside News says:

"The experiment at the ranch of the Meacham Brothers on Cypress avenue was a success in demonstrating that the system which has been evolved by these gentlemen, and which they perfected in their minds several months ago, will save the oranges of this valley against the coldest weather that has ever been experienced here, with several degrees of heat generated to spare, if generally put in practice throughout the valley. There is no doubt about it. During the experimenting in one hour the thermometer rose ten degrees. The earliness of the hour—5 o'clock—leaves no doubt as to the cause of the change in temperature. But one trial is not all that will be made. They will be continued under all circumstances and conditions, and all interested are invited to be present.

"The system is very simple and as inexpensive as simple. A piece of ordinary chicken wire screen four foot square is fastened at the corners to four stakes set or driven in the ground. Six inches in thickness of wet leaves or straw is placed on the screen with a can of crude petroleum underneath the leaves or straw. When the oil is lighted a dense white smoke arises which soon fills the orchard, and so heavy that it does not rise much higher than the tree tops. There is an entire absence of the sooty smoke which, in experiments in years gone by, proved unfit for use because of the injury to fruit, but in its stead is a white smoke.

"It is shown that twenty of these baskets are ample for a ten-acre orchard. If these experiments continue to prove successful there never need be another frosted orange or emon in the valley."

Work is to be resumed on the Gold Mountain mine in the Bear Valley mining district. A bond has been given by Lucky Baldwin to a company and this old and rich mine will again commence turning out the yellow metal. At one time it was turning but $15,000 or $20,000 per month.

IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

Glave's Picture of Life in the Dark Continent.

In the Century is printed a third article made up from the journals of the late E. J. Glave, who died on the Congo after crossing Africa in the interests of this magazine. The article is entitled "Glave in Mid-Africa," and contains graphic descriptions of life in the Dark Continent. Here is one:

July 31.—Yesterday, on arriving at Kisunka's the chief was absent, so I made camp outside the village. I then sent a messenger to Kisunka informing him of my arrival. He sent word that he was at a small village of his a few miles off, and asked me to come in the morning and see him there. However, at early morning to-day a messenger came to my camp from him, saying that during the night Kisunka had reflected that it would be more hospitable to come to see me, as I was a stranger. In the forenoon the old fellow arrived at his village, and informed me by messenger that he would take a rest, and then come to see me. I sent back a suitable message, stating that I was precluded from visiting him by a bad foot. In the afternoon Kisunka appeared—a handsome African, seventy years old, I should say, tall, and as trimly built as a greyhound, of very dark hue; locks black against the other natives. He was accompanied by about fifty of his young warriors, fine, strapping fellows, healthy and slick, armed with bows and arrows and spears and a few guns. Many came into my boma, but the chief ordered the remainder to stay outside. But as soon as the old fellow was seated, those outside could not repress their curiosity to see and hear all that was going on inside. The chief told me his entire belongings were mine during my stay. He was uneasy, owing to the impetuosity of his followers, and left early so as to restore peace and quiet. During the whole day the camp has been crowded with native men and women and children trading their corn and mtara and manioc, hairpins, copper ornaments, etc., for beads and cloth. There has been no squabbling, nothing to mar the general good feeling. It is absolutely impossible to do any literary work from the hubbub constantly maintained from morn to night. If you close the tent the heat becomes insufferable; as soon as you open it a solid mass of Africans stop the current of air. Old and young are in constant boisterous conversation, discussing and arguing about you and your property; and those not so engaged are shouting at the top of their voices, telling their friends not to make such a din. It is difficult to produce any sort of camera for the first time without creating a stampede. The nozzle holding the lens is always considered some sort of gun. I always show them some photographs beforehand, and try to convince them of the purpose of the camera, and I generally succeed when I stay over a day in a village.

August 1.—I visited old Kisunka today. He has a fine, large village of about three hundred huts and a host of small granaries. When he came to see me yesterday, I told him I had heard of a white man being at Mlela Mange, and I was anxious to send a message to him. Immediately on returning to his village he sent me two fine, strapping fellows, to whom I paid a fee of two yards of blue cloth each, gave them the letter, and off they started at a dog trot. It is a very busy village; the blacksmith's bellows consist of two bags of sortened buckskin, which his assistant grasps, one with each hand, and works them. They are both tied to a nozzle of wood or clay tubing pointing to a charcoal fire. The blacksmith has very primitive tools—an anvil of hard stone, a hammer of iron—but then he turns out excellent work. I have never seen the process of smelting, but all the Wausi and Walala obtain their iron by smelting from the rough ore. The furnaces are made of clay, charcoal is the heating power, and the pure melted iron runs free through clay tubing.

August 2.—Kisunka furnished me with two guides to Kasembi; they arrived in good time this morning, with hair trimmed, and wearing the cloth I gave them yesterday. Kisunka himself came to see me off. By some Kisunka would be called a savage. According to my judgment, he is a gentleman, a man of character and personal force, whose commands are obeyed by some thousands of people.—Century.

A Good Prescription.

"Your wife would soon be well if she would get out into the air," said Dr. Pellet to Mr. Miserly. "She stays at home too much."

"I can't get her to go out at all, doctor."

"I'll give you a prescription which will take her out," replied the astute physician, who then sat down and wrote the following:

"For outward application—
"One new fall cape.
"One tailor-made gown.
"One new bonnet.
"Pair of gloves to match.
"Take every afternoon and evening."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Something Wrong.

Mrs.—Am I still "the star of your life," as I was when you used to write love-letters to me?

Mr.—Of course, dear.

"I don't seem to be drawing a star salary, though."—Indianapolis Journal.

And Still He Slept Not.

Cumso—Have you tried anything for your insomnia, Cawker?

Cawker—Of course I have. I've tried all the infallible cures.—New York World.

Excursions are not always entrancing, but no man can join one without being carried away with it.

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Billiard
AND
Pool Room
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR GRAND.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

Exit autumn.

Enter winter.

The cold wave has subsided.

It is time to commence tree planting.

The frosts of last week proved harmless.

To succeed in business you must advertise.

All sorts of holiday goods at the People's store.

A good time now to subscribe for the Enterprise.

A fine line of fresh groceries, at bottom prices, at Kneese's Pioneer Store.

Baths! Baths! Hot and cold water, at McNab's barber-shop, on San Bruno avenue.

Work has been commenced upon the foundation of the new building at Uncle Tom's cabin.

Any of our patrons who fail to receive their paper regularly are requested to notify this office..

The Arcade has a bran new tall terra cotta chimney. No more smoke in the office and bar-room.

The dedication of the new church on the 13th inst should be made a notable event in the history of our town

Wm. Rehberg has leased a pasture field of the Land and Improvement Company east of the Grand Hotel.

C. L. Herbst paid our town a flying visit on Sunday last. Come again, Charley, and tarry longer next time.

The Baden Brick Company has shut down for the winter season. The company will resume operations in April.

Mrs. Delia Harrington was in town on Tuesday. Mrs. Harrington contemplates opening a boarding-house at this place.

If you want an hour of diversion or healthful exercise, go to Henry Michenfilder's bowling-alley at the Armour Hotel.

J. P. Henneberg has returned from New Mexico after an absence of some months and will take up his residence at this place again.

The Land Company this week extended the water mains on California avenue to the property recently purchased by Mr. Nessier.

Mr. Cohen has returned from his business trip to Montana. Mr. Cohen has been quite ill since his return, but is gradually recovering.

J. L. Wood has been busy the past week removing the Company's fence, to give the lot recently purchased by Joseph Nessier, outlet on California avenue.

Mr. Wallace requests the children who had boxes given them to raise funds for the church window to please bring them to the Sunday-school tomorrow.

The roving pigs and goats which have been permitted by their owners to run at will are a nuisance, which no one is obliged to, nor will, long submit to.

If you want to join a suit club; if you want an elegant tailor-made suit of clothes, as cheap as you can buy in the city, go to Davis & Son, Merriam block.

Eikerenkotter carries a large and varied stock of general merchandise, hardware, and groceries, and sells his goods as low as you can buy the same quality anywhere.

The employes at the stock yards abattoir and packing-house are working early and late. The business of the Western Meat Company has been unusually heavy of late.

Ed Sheehan received an accidental slash from a knife while working at the packing-house on Friday of last week, which will disable him from work for some days.

The new Fuse Works, at Union Park, near Colma, are looming up in good shape, the buildings being nearly completed. This will prove a great benefit to our neighboring town of Colma.

General Nathaniel James, of the N. G. C., was in town on Saturday of last week in company with James Kerr and made a call upon our esteemed fellow townsman, Herman Karbe, Esq.

We regret to learn of the death, in Mendocino county recently, of a sister of Frank Murray of this place. Frank received the sad intelligence on Sunday and left on the first train to attend the funeral.

The pound law has been permitted to fall into "inoccuous desuetude." We are presumed to have a deputy pound-keeper in town and have one in a nominal sense, but practically, the position is vacant.

The County Board of Supervisors will not open the Jersery Farm road unelss asked to do so. Neither will citizens and property owners sign the road petition unless one is presented to them. Who will start this ball rolling?

Married—At Redding, Cal., Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1896, J. E. Wheeler to Miss Lillian F. Love. Mrs. Wheeler (nee Miss Love), is a sister of Mrs. J. F. Goggin of this place. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will make their home at Sissons, Cal.

M. F. Healey has purchased the fences and outbuildings spared by the fire which recently destroyed the McGuirk residence. The Senator has leased a choice piece of land near his premises and has enclosed the same as a pasture for his stock.

The section men all along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad below San Bruno and Redwood City, have been busy during the past week in taking down and moving back from the railroad fences along the line, thus very much widening the right of way. This would seem to indicate a movement towards the building of the Bay Shore line early in the spring. Large forces of men are now at work on the Santa Marguerite gap, and it is expected that this part of the line will be finished early in March.

Mr. Poulain has just secured from Mr. Pratt a lease for six years of the Paris saloon property, on Grand and Cypress avenues. Mr. Poulain says: "I pay my cash rent annually in advance; I know just what this town is and have unlimited confidence in its future; I secured just as long a lease as I could possibly get." Brother Poulain is a citizen of the right stamp, and if the signs of the times are any criterion, he will, early in the spring, begin to more than realize his expectations of South San Francisco.

On Monday evening last, at about 7 o'clock, a vagrant light was to be seen sailing through the air in a southwesterly direction from this place. It may have been a fire balloon or one of the roving airships which seemingly have become ubiquitous in California. The light was a large and bright one, and was first noticed by Mr. Frank Miner, but was also observed by a number of our citizens. When first seen, it was to the southwest of town, moving oceanward, and finally disappeared after being visible for about ten to fifteen minutes.

Many of our citizens intend planting trees this season. Some have already commenced doing so but the money and labor thus expended will be lost unless the loose stock which is now roving about town is restrained. It is not imposing a hardship upon owners of stock to require them to keep their animals staked out or securely herded, so that they can do no damage to young trees or other improvements. Neglect or refusal to comply with this very reasonable requirement will result sooner or later in a strict enforcement of the pound law, which would not admit of either staking out or herding stock.

A STRANGE CRAFT.

The Bark America Looks Like Other Barks, but Her Crew Is Odd.

The Italian bark America, Captain Ferrari, is perhaps one of the strangest vessels afloat today, and her appearance here has attracted no end of attention. The vessel herself is not at all different from the ordinary merchantman, but it is in the composition of her crew and the manner in which she is fitted up in the cabins that she differs so materially from all other craft.

Captain Ferrari is 76 years old, and for 55 years has been a successful and daring navigator. Time has dealt lightly with him, and he is as hale and hearty a skipper as many 40 years his junior. His crew has been with him for 15 consecutive years, a thing unheard of before, and all on board this old craft are like one big family. There are never any differences of opinion, and while the ordinary ship discipline is a thing not known on this vessel every man knows his place. There are no liberties taken, and contentment prevails throughout.

The members of the crew are strictly religious, and on every Sunday as well as feast days services are held on board under the direction of their venerable and much beloved captain. The cabin is an ordinary one, but directly aft is partitioned off a place that is used only for the holding of these services. Directly aft, against the stern of the vessel and facing forward, is erected a handsome altar, and upon this altar burn contiually four huge wax candles. The lights have never been out in the entire 19 years that the America has been afloat. On entering the cabin the altar is visible, but the entrance of a stranger to this sacred quarter is strictly prohibited.—Philadelphia Press.

The Chinese Are Self Helpful.

The percentage of foreigners in our hospitals, asylums and penal institutions is overwhelming. But the Chinese make little call upon us for philanthropy, and that only for medical help. Little by little these people are coming to see the superiority of our medical treatment, and in cases of severe sickness they will sometimes turn to our hospitals for help. But they ask no other aid from us. If a Chinaman needs any monetary assistance, his countrymen help him without burdening our public philanthropies. It is not uncommon for the men of one clan or friends from different clans to band together to establish a loan fund, every man giving so much toward it week by week. This is loaned to needy men without security or interest, and when repaid it is loaned again, and thus many a man is carried through a sickness or set up in business, and outsiders are none the wiser.—"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in Century.

More Alaskan Gold Finds.

The newest information from Alaska tells of rich placer goldfields in the Yukon valley. Gold has been found along the river before this time, but now the bars of the creeks to the south are auriferous, and the result is a great influx of prospectors. Many who failed at Cook's inlet are now working on the Yukon creeks with good success. Circle City, the only city within the arctic circle, is booming, and when winter sets in will be fuller than ever. In addition, rich strikes of placers are reported from Berner's bay, a new territory, and from the upper arms of Cook's inlet.

Brain Work.

The Washington Star surprised two high school girls talking about their graduation essays.

"Have you written yours yet?" asked Maud.

"Yes," answered Ethel.

"Wasn't it a lot of work?"

"Just dreadful! First, I had to hunt up words that were big enough, and then I had to keep looking in the dictionary to see what they meant, and honestly I began to think I never should get it finished."

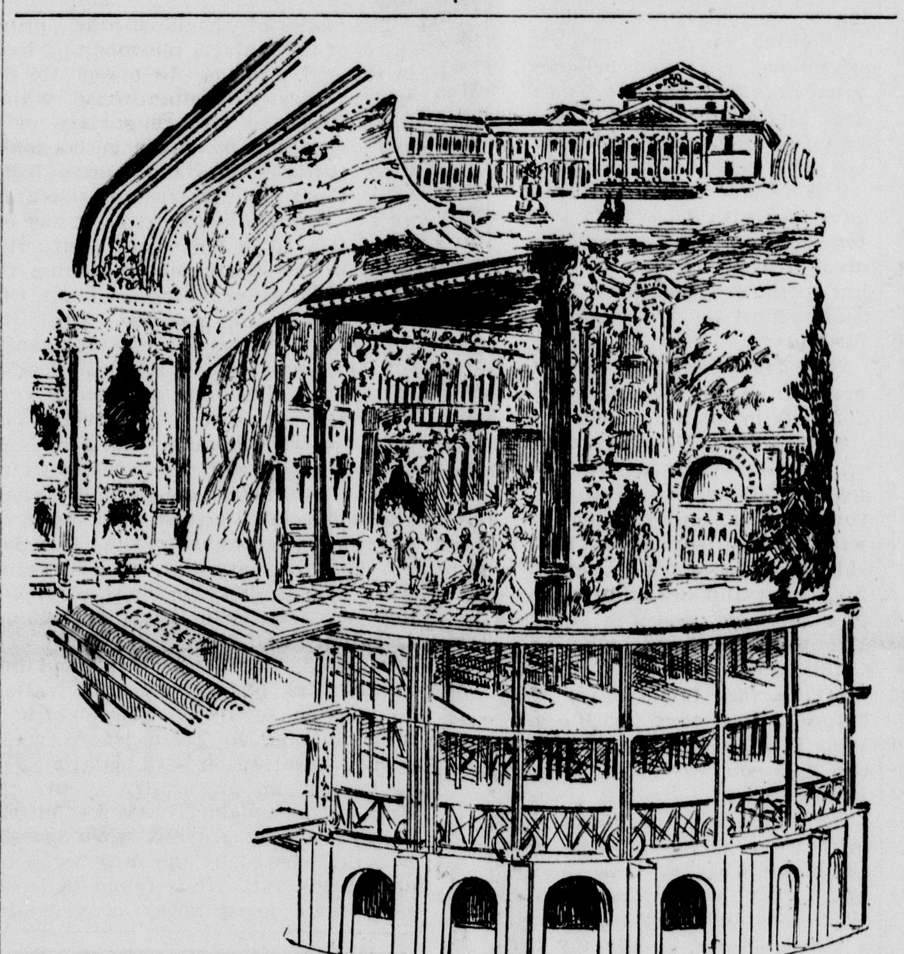
RAPID SCENE SHIFTING.

The Latest Mechanical Effects in a European Theater.

It is a remarkable fact that when an audience has become interested in the plot and progress of a play the interruptions necessary for the change of scenery seem to be much longer than they really are. A wait of five minutes is amply sufficient to send the impatient male American out "to see a man" and set the ladies' fans in active motion. In France the scenes are changed almost instantly.

The French system is distinguished by the use of masts upon carriages running in grooves or slots in the stage, the scenery being adjusted to the movable mast so as to be rolled on to its exact position. One scene is attached to its masts while another is being played. At the close of the scene the rideau de nouages, or cloud curtain, is used. This consists of two curtains painted as clouds, one descending, the other ascending from a slot in the stage, after the ancient Roman method. The moment the bottom curtain has risen sufficiently to hide the audience the employes beneath the stage run off the carriages of the past scene and on the new. This is so quick that it is done by the time the ascending and descending curtains have met, and their course is immediately reversed, disclosing the new scene, in the space of a few seconds. The English and American method of quick changes is clumsy compared to it.

The most recent, and in more than one sense revolutionary, is the invention of Karl Lautenschlage, the master machinist of the Residenz-Hof Theater, Munich. The entire stage is a turntable, such, indeed, as we may see at any locomotive shed on the railway. The proscenium opening, about 35 feet, dominates one-fourth of the periphery, and the stage can be arranged to hold from one to four scenes according to desire. The motive power used is electricity. The stage was used for the first time last May in a production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The accompanying illustration shows the entire arrangement, one side of the proscenium being supposed to be cut away, showing the garden scene ready to swing round into position as soon as the ballroom scene is finished.



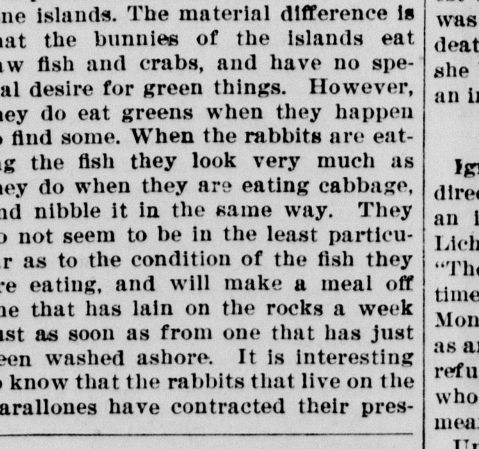
REVOLVING STAGE AT THE KING'S THEATER, MUNICH.

Another method is that in use in the theater at Budapest and some others in Europe, where scenes can be set to come up through slots in the stage, while the previous scene is sinking through similar openings.

QUEER KIND OF BUNNIES.

They Inhabit the Lonely Farallone Islands.

A peculiar rabbit inhabits the Farallone islands. The material difference is that the bunnies of the islands eat raw fish and crabs, and have no special desire for green things. However, they do eat greens when they happen to find some. When the rabbits are eating the fish they look very much as they do when they are eating cabbage, and nibble it in the same way. They do not seem to be in the least particular as to the condition of the fish they are eating, and will make a meal off one that has lain on the rocks a week just as soon as from one that has just been washed ashore. It is interesting to know that the rabbits that live on the Farallones have contracted their present mode of living within the last thirty years, as they are the descendants of tame rabbits that were brought there by the first lighthouse-keepers. They are not as pretty as their ancestors. In fact, they have become very lean and haggard looking, and have much the appearance of a half-starved coyote. But the fact that they have adapted themselves to their new conditions is only another example to show that there is some foundation for the Darwinian theory.



RABBIT EATING A CRAB.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly says that when she was a child of twelve she knew Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, then a charming old lady of ninety-five, overflowing with reminiscences. One was of a great gathering of the Indians of eastern New York, at Saratoga, which was then only a log fort. The chiefs and greatest warriors of the Six Nations, dressed in barbaric pomp, but with peace on their faces, stood waiting the approach of a small group of whites—one or two officers in full uniform and a tall, commanding man, in the prime of life, leading by the hand a slim girl of thirteen.

The tallman was Gen. Philip Schuyler, whom the Indians honored as they did no other white man; and they had met to offer him a tribute of devotion. At a sign from the great chief, their ranks parted to admit Gen. Schuyler, who advanced into the open space still leading his little daughter. There, with many ceremonies, the child was formally adopted by the Six Nations, the chiefs ending the sacred rite by laying their hands upon her head, and giving her an Indian name, meaning "One of us." And Mrs. Hamilton was the little maid.

One day the old lady was talking about men of bodily strength, and she told an incident which must have happened soon after her marriage, for she was at the time in headquarters with her husband. Gen. Washington was writing in his office, a room on the second floor of a farm house. The farmer's wife, who was washing clothes, suddenly discovered that the shed roof was on fire. She rushed screaming into the house, and Washington came bounding down the stairs, picked up one of the large wash tubs full of suds, ran upstairs with it, got out on the roof and emptied it on the blaze; then he ran for another tub and still another before he succeeded in putting out the fire.

One night Mrs. Hamilton seemed sad and absent-minded, and would not go into the parlor where there were visitors, but sat near the fire and played backgammon for a while. When the game was done, she leaned back in her chair a long time with closed eyes, as if lost to all around her. Presently the silence was broken by the murmured words:

"I am so tired; it is so long. I want to see Hamilton!"

What thoughts must have come to her from the past! For she had griefs beyond the usual lot of women. Her oldest son, Philip, fell in a duel before his father met a similar fate; and the oldest daughter, a lovely young creature, was so shocked by her brother's cruel death that she became insane. Though she lived to be an old woman, it was as an inmate of a private asylum.

A Fatal Omelette.

Ignorance of cooking is not often the direct cause of a man's death, but such an instance is related by Miss Edith Lichel, in a recent volume entitled, "The Story of Two Salons." In the time of the French Revolution, one Monsieur Condorcet, upon whose head, as an aristocrat, a price was set, sought refuge with a friend, Monsieur Suard, who bade him return at nightfall, when means of escape would be provided.

Unhappily Condorcet, being unable to exist without tobacco, went into a tavern to buy some. Still prostrate from fatigue, he thought he would take advantage of this opportunity to get some dinner, and ordered an omelette.

"How many eggs do you wish to be used?" inquired the landlord, who had been eying him suspiciously. The innocent Condorcet was at his wits' ends; he reflected on the size of the ordinary omelette.

"Twelve," he boldly replied.

His fate was sealed; none but an aristocrat could he so ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away to prison, from which he never emerged.

Bacon—That lawyer you recommended is not a man of his word. Egbert—Why not? "He told me I could talk freely to him, and look at the bill he's sent me!"—Yonkers Statesman.

HIS HOME A TOMB.

How an Eccentric New York Man Guards His Wife's Body.

Jonathan Reed, who passes the greater part of his leisure time guarding the tomb of his wife in the Evergreens cemetery, Brooklyn, has been requested by the cemetery authorities not to admit so many visitors to the vault as he has been in the habit of doing.

The vault was built according to Mr. Reed's own ideas after the death of his wife, over three years ago. The interior of the vault is 10 feet wide, 10 feet high and 13 feet long. The vestibule is hung with Japanese bead portieres, and the walls are adorned with portraits and bric-a-brac gathered by Mr. and Mrs. Reed during their European travels. There are two metallic coffins. One is hermetically sealed and contains the body of Mr. Reed's wife. The other awaits Mr. Reed's body.

"They are the very best that could be made," said Mr. Reed. "I do not know how soon the second will be needed, but I thought that so long as they were making the one I might as well tell them to make two. People have talked a good deal about what they call my eccentricity, but that does not worry me in the least. I loved my wife in life, and so long as I live I shall look after her body. I have simply tried to make her tomb homelike, so that I could spend my leisure time with her. Naturally people who have heard of the tomb go to see it, and lately the crowd of visitors has been so large that the cemetery authorities have asked me not to admit the public to the vault.

"It has been said that I have removed the lid of the coffin and allowed people to see my dead wife's face, but that is not true. Sometimes, when I have been alone in the tomb, I have removed the coffin lid, and that is certainly my privilege. I shall continue just as I have been doing, and when I die the cemetery association will receive a fund to keep the place in order."

Two large vases and a large iron turtle have recently been placed on the plot in front of the vault.

For the Salvation Navy.

It is understood that Brigadier Alice Lewis, founder of the naval branch of the Salvation Army in Great Britain and Ireland, will soon visit Washington to try to persuade President Cleveland to give her a gunboat as a nucleus for the Salvation navy. In the event of President Cleveland declining to comply with this request Commander Booth-Tucker will try to raise a fund for the purchase of some ocean going steamship, which will be converted into a cruiser and sailed from port to port along the Atlantic coast.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE market is strong at the advance price, and desirable cattle are in good demand.

SHEEP—Sheep are not very plentiful, and desirable sheep are selling at strong prices, and are in good demand and meeting with ready sale.

HOGS—Hogs have been offered very freely lately and prices are lower with not as good demand as there was a week or ten days ago.

PROVISIONS are in good demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ℔ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, ℔ lb, 6@6½c; 2nd quality, 5½@6c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4¾@5¼c; second quality, 4¼@4½c.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 3¼@3⅜; over 250 lbs 3@3¼.

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2½@2¾c; Ewes, 2@2¼c.

Lambs—2¾@3¼c, gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3¾@4c; over 150 lbs 3@3½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 5½@6c; second quality, 5@5¼c; First quality cows and heifers, 4¾@5¼c; second quality, 4¼@4½c; third quality, 3@3½c.

Veal—Large, 5@5½c; small, 6¼@7½c.

Mutton—Wethers, 5½@6c; ewes, 5@5½c; Lambs, 6@6½c.

Dressed Hogs—5@5½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 10½@11½; picnic hams, 6@6½c; Atlanta ham, 5½; New York shoulder, 5¼.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 11c; light S. C. bacon, 9½c; med. bacon, clear, 6¼c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 6¾c; clear light, bacon, 8c; clear ex. light bacon, 8¼c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, $9 50; do, hf bbl, $5 00; Extra Mess, bbl, $8 00; do hf-bbl $4.25.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6c, do, light, 6½c; do, Bellies, 6½@7c; Extra Clear, bbls, $14 00; hf-bbls, $7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, $4 75; do, kits, $1 45.

Lard—Prices are ℔ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	5¼	5½	5½	5⅝	6	6⅛
Cal. pure	5¾	6	6	6⅜	6¼	6⅝

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $1 75; 1s $1 05; Roast Beef, 2s $1 75; 1s, $1 05.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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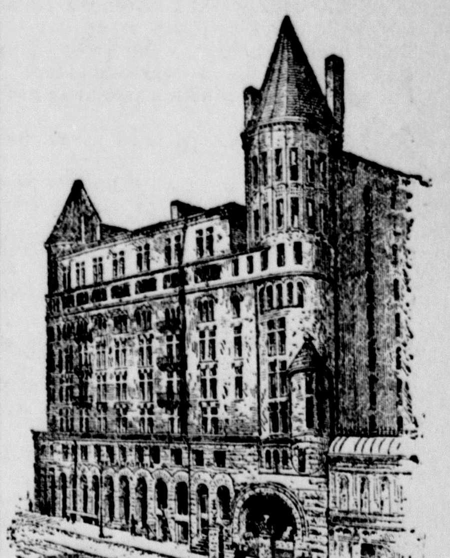
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SOLILOQUY OF THE DRAY HORSE

"What was I made for?" the old horse said,
Munching cut straw in a wind-rifted shed
"My life is a curse from beginning to end,
In all the wide world I haven't a friend.
It's nothing but drudgery every day,
Toil without payment, work and no play;
And if I sink under a wearisome load,
I'm made to get up with a merciless goad.

"Curses, cold quarters, hard usage, poor feed,
Too little at that for a work horse's need
And seldom a good bite of oats or fresh grass,
'Hard lines' for poor horses when slaves to an ass!
Oh, if we poor creatures were gifted with speech,
What eloquent sermons to men would we preach!
Our merits and sufferings even now move
The hearts of the kindly to pity and love.

"The beast has his feelings, his needs, his desires,
Though few are the favors the poor horse requires.
Our aim is to serve men, to love and obey,
If justice and mercy in turn would repay.
A word gently spoken, a pat on the neck,
But makes us delighted to follow your beck;
Then why, since the boon is so small that we crave,
Should it not always brighten the life of the slave?

"Too soon did the angels our champion claim,
Gotham, where is the monument due to his fame?
Might we horses build it, how soon 'twould arise
A cynosure grand for American eyes.
While crowning earth's heroes, neglect not to bring
An amaranth wreath for humanity's king.
He spake for the speechless, a champion brave,
No shaft is too grand to distinguish his grave.

Who says that our sufferings here are in vain.
No hope in the future to lighten our pain?
Who knows what our maker may hold in his plan?
I'd hate to swap chances with many a man."
—New York Sun.

A PAIR OF SHOES.

Bertha sat on the floor critically eying a pair of new shoes; shaking her head, she said complacently:

"Yes, they look pretty nice, very nice, but," she added with a sigh, "I would have liked a pair of red ones. Mamma, when I was at the store this morning with grandma I saw a lovely pair of red shoes. I asked her to get them for me, but she said she thought you did not care for colored shoes; now don't you?"

"Why, I don't know, my dear," answered Mrs. Bartlett, laughing at something that had come to her mind with Bertha's question. "I guess grandma was thinking of a time when I did like colored shoes."

"Well, I think she was too, for she laughed, and told me to ask you if you liked them. I guess it is one of grandma's jokes. Do tell me what it is, mamma. Did it happen when you were a little girl?"

After waiting a moment, her mother smilingly replied: "Yes, it was something when I was a little girl that made grandma laugh, but we didn't laugh at the time it happened, you may see. Get your work, and I will tell you.

"The shoes that grandma and I were thinking of were purple ones, brilliant purple, with little flat heels, laced up to the front and reaching just above the ankles."

"Oh dear, how funny they must have been," laughed Bertha

"Yes, as I look at them now, they must have been queer little shoes, but at the time they were bought they were just as beautiful in my eyes as the red ones which grandma refused to buy for you this morning. When I was a little girl I lived in a small town in Ohio where my father was the physician. He had not grown rich, for it was an exceedingly healthy place. No one was very rich, no one was very poor. I had played all my life with little girls and boys brought up just as I was, caring more for a good time than for fine clothes.

"I had a playhouse built by a young uncle, but the furnishings were not such as children's playhouses have in these days. My dishes were broken bits of china and glass, and among them were some that were so fine in my childish eyes that they were only used upon state occasions. Well, as I said, I played and was very happy with my little friends, never caring for anything different from what we had. But one day something new appeared to us. Hattie Ray, my particular friend, had a cousin come to visit her from New York. She astonished us all by her clothes; never had we seen anything so gorgeous in all our small lives, such dainty dresses and silk aprons with tiny pockets and bows, such beautiful stockings and shoes. Colored shoes, red and yellow and brown; for very common wear she had black ones. These different articles of clothing pleased the different fancies of the children. Hattie told me in confidence she meant to coax her mother to give her a silk apron with pockets for her next Christmas present.

"But nothing pleased me as did the shoes. Every night when I went to bed my last thought was of those colored shoes, and I resolved to have some red ones myself when I was rich. It was the fourteenth of June, just two days before my birthday, that my mother called me into the kitchen where she was making pies, and said:

"'Lizzie, you had better go down to Mr. Stout's, and get a pair of shoes. These are too badly worn for Sunday. I intended to go myself, but I shall not have time; you have been alone before, and know what to do. Get the shoes a size larger and like those you have on. They are pretty heavy for summer, but they wear well,' she added, more to herself than to me.

"Taking from its peg my little pink sunbonnet, I started down the path toward that part of the village where the few stores stood. It was a warm day and I walked slowly along till I came to the little footbridge across a tiny stream. This was a resting place we children invariably stopped. Here the branches of a big willow tree overhung the little brook, making it a pleasant, shady place. Sitting on the bridge with my feet dangling over the side, my glance fell upon the shoes I wore. Coarse and ugly, but substantial shoes they were; bought for service, not for looks. Heretofore the prospect of a pair of new shoes had been quite enough to make me happy, but to-day the spirit of envy had taken hold of me. Why couldn't I have dainty shoes like Mary Lester's? Why had my mother said I should get more just like these hateful old things?

"I rose impatiently from my seat on the bridge, giving the little feet in the coarse shoes an angry stamp as I did so. Going down the road I grew crosser and naughtier until I reached the one long street where the stores were. Here I stopped to look in the windows to see the things that I had seen a 'hundred years,' I said to myself, crossly. Suddenly, my gaze fell upon a little china tea-set on exhibition. Now I had looked at this same little tea-set with its wild roses and pretty vines a great many times, but the mark, $1, had always made it seem far away. All the girls, from Jennie Todd, four years old, up to big Mary Roberts, wanted the tea-set; they had longed for it ever since the designing store-keeper had put it in his window.

"'I wonder who will get it?' I said to myself, with a sigh.

"Nowadays, that tea-set costing a dollar would seem a small thing. But a dollar in those days was a great deal to spend for a child's plaything. I stood here some time looking and thinking. I wondered if the tea-set would be sold before I was grown up and could buy it myself. Finally I walked down the street forgetting about the fine shoes in the desire for the tea-set. Suddenly I stopped with a cry of astonishment. I had reached the shoe store, and glancing up what did I see among the same old men's boots, with their long leather tops, and the boys' shoes, with their thick soles and copper toes? Could I believe my eyes? There like a dainty little princess was a pair of red shoes, yes, and further on a pair of purple shoes, too, colored shoes! Red, purple and brown! such beauties. A long time I stood there, looking at them, then hurried into the shop.

"'How d'ye do, Missy,' cried the old shoemaker, who had known me since I had worn my first pair of shoes. 'Want a pair of shoes, do ye? Well, let me see what kind does mother want?'

"Under my downcast eyes on the counter was a pair of shoes like the ones I wore. They seemed to read my thoughts, and look at me with reproach. I turned my eyes resolutely toward the window as I replied:

"'A pair of red ones, please.' As the words left my lips, my heart gave a great bound, my boldness almost took away my breath.

"'Did you say red ones, dearie? I am getting a little hard of hearing in these days,' puting his hand to his ear.

"'Yes, sir, red ones,' I answered, loudly.

"'U-m-yes,' doubtfully; 'did your mother say you should get red ones? These are only for show, just a few pairs—still, they are for sale too—' he added, quickly, as he saw the look of disappointment on my face.

"'But I'm afraid I haven't the size,' looking down at my old shoes, 'have only a couple of pair, but the purple ones, guess they are about your size.'

"Going to the window he took out the purple shoes, placing them in my hands. As my fingers pressed the delicate leather, and I looked at the bright, pretty things, my last good thought fled—I would have the shoes! Sitting on the old bench, Mr. Stout tried them on, and rather reluctantly said:

"'They are all right,' and added as he wrapped them up, 'don't get the soles soiled or I can't take them back, and it may be your mother won't want to keep them.'

"'No, sir,' I said; 'father will be in to-night to pay for them.'

"'That's all right, child, that's all right. Mind now, that you do not get those shoes dirty.'

"I hurried down the street, only stopping once to look at the tea-set. Down the path I flew with the precious shoes in my hands. When I reached the old willow I sat down, and wiped my hot little face and smiled. Those beautiful shoes! I would just take a little bit of a look at them. Breaking a tiny hole in the paper, I looked in. What a beautiful color they were! Slowly I untied the end, and took out first one, then the other. I turned them over, and wondered how I would look walking about in them. I unlaced one of my old shoes, took it off, and thrust my foot into the new one. Then I stood up on the paper with both feet close together. How ugly the foot in the old shoe looked! Sitting down again, I removed the obnoxious shoe, and put on the other purple one. How fine and handsome they were. It did not matter to me that my dress was an old and faded print; I had no eyes for anything but the purple shoes. What was it Mr. Stout had said about getting the soles soiled? He could not take them back. I would have to keep them. Softly I lifted one foot from the paper, and put it on the ground, then the other. In alarm at my naughtiness, I quickly stepped back on to the paper. Here I stood for a moment undecided, then with a firm step walked back and forth several times to the bridge. The soles were soiled enough now! A naughty spirit within me said, 'Wear them home, then your mother can't possibly take them back.'

"Putting on my sunbonnet, which I had taken off that I might better see my feet, I started once more for home with my old shoes in my hand and my eyes fixed on the bright colored ones upon my feet. As I neared home I wondered what my mother would say, and if she would be very angry; then I walked very slowly, and by the time I had reached the gate, I had almost stopped. But I must go in some time, so plucking up my courage, I entered the kitchen. My mother was still busy with her baking; she did not look up as I entered, but said:

"'Why, child, how long you were gone, did you get the same kind of shoes? Let me see.'

"All my courage failed; speechless and guilty I stood in the doorway waiting. As my mother turned quickly at receiving no answer from me, her gaze fell upon the bright colored shoes.

"'Why, what in the world—where did you get those? Why don't you answer me? Lizzie, do you mean to say that Mr. Stout told you to take that kind of a shoe instead of those you have always worn?'

"'No—no—mamma,' I cried, finding my tongue at last. 'It wasn't Mr. Stout's fault; he didn't want me to take them; it was just myself, my other ones were so ugly. I—I—I—O mamma, I didn't think you would care so much.' The look of sorrow and reproval on my mother's face was too much for me. 'I am sorry, indeed I am,' I sobbed.

"My mother stood looking at me in silence for a moment as I threw myself into the old rocking-chair, crying as though my heart would break.

"'Take off those shoes and put on your old ones,' she finally said. Walking to the closet where she kept her best china, she took down an old blue sugarbowl, that had belonged to my great-grandmother. In this she often kept bits of change. She took from it now four quarters, and laying them on the table beside me she said:

"'Here is a dollar your grandmother gave me; with it I was to get the little tea-set you liked so much. It is a great deal to use for such a purpose, but your grandmother thought she could afford to give you that on your birthday.'

"My heart gave a great leap at the mention of the tea-set, but sank suddenly as my mother continued:

"'This dollar,' putting down another, 'I had saved that you might buy some candy, nuts and apples, and on your birthday enjoy your new tea-set with your little friends. Put on your old shoes, take this money and go to Mr. Stout and ask him to give you a pair of shoes like the ones you are now wearing.'

"There was a look of sternness in my mother's face I had never seen there before, a look that forbade any coaxing. Picking up the purple shoes from the floor she carefully wiped them, saying:

"'Purple shoes will hardly look well with your green muslin dress, so I think we will put these away. You could only have worn them once or twice, anyhow, they are so frail.'

"Once more I put on my little sunbonnet and once more I traveled the old path across the bridge and under the willows—a sadder but a wiser little girl."

"But the tea-set, mamma, the tea-set; didn't you get it afterwards?" eagerly asked Bertha.

Mamma laughingly shook her head.

"I don't think I ought to tell anything more," she said. Bertha, well knowing her shortcomings, and the fact that they were so often overlooked by a fond and doting grandmother, looked so disappointed at this reply that Mrs. Bartlett hastened to add:

"The next time I passed the china store the dear little tea-set was gone. If I cried over the discovery, no one knew it but the old willow who knew and kept all childish secrets. For a long time I mourned the fact that I might have had the pretty china; my punishment was hard, for my birthday came and went just like any other day, but I knew I deserved it."

"Oh, dear," said Bertha, "I was so in hopes that you got the tea-set after all." "Well, dear, I did, after six months in which to think over my wrong doing. Grandmothers of your day and grandmothers of mine were very much alike, for when Christmas came around my dear grandmother put the tea-set into my hands herself, feeling sorry for me, but knowing I deserved the punishment, she had bought the little dishes and kept them all that time."

"Well, I must say I think you did very wrong, mamma, to get the shoes, but still I am glad you could have the tea-set. Purple shoes! I don't think I ever could have wanted shoes of that color."—The Interior.

Mourning for a Chinese Ruler.

When a Chinese Emperor dies the intelligence is announced by dispatches to the several provinces, written with purple ink, the mourning color. All persons of rank are required to take red silk ornaments from their caps, with the ball or button of rank; all subjects of China, without exception, are called upon to forbear shaving their heads for 100 days, within which period none may marry, play upon musical instruments or perform any sacrifice.

Metropolitan Fruit Culture

Hewson—Say, what do they raise in these New York roof gardens?

Newson—Peaches, my dear boy; some of the loveliest peaches in the vaudeville business.—Philadelphia North American.

NEW YORK SOCIETY WOMEN WHO HUNT.

MRS. ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL. MISS EDITH MORTON. MRS. W. E. D. STOKES. MRS. ADOLF LADENBURG. MISS EDITH COLLINS.

A WIDESPREAD MALADY.

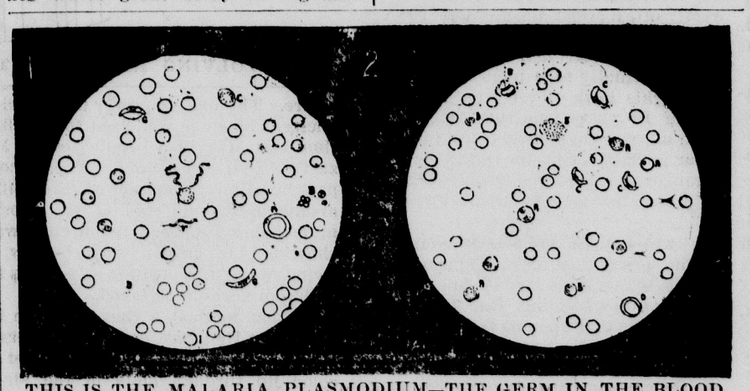
How Malaria Starts, Develops, Kills and Is Killed.

Malaria is essentially the disease of spring and autumn, and among all the infectious diseases it is geographically the most widespread. It is a disease of the tropics as well as the temperate zone, being entirely absent in the frigid zone.

The malarial bacillus, the prime cause of the malaria plasmodium, lives in the soil, and may be taken into the system through contaminated water, the atmosphere, an open surface, or in any other way by which germs make their entrance into the human body. Once there, the malaria plasmodium, as the germ is called after it has entered the blood, begins its destructive work in the blood cells, poisoning the blood often to an alarming extent. One single germ may develop into any number of plasmodia, and they multiply very rapidly. This multiplication of malaria plasmodia goes on in various ways. It is at first scarcely more than a small black dot. Then it reaches out in different directions, forming fresh plasmodia. Sometimes these plasmodia take on the shape of a rosette, each segment forming a separate growth that does its destructive work of poisoning the blood, so depleting the blood cells that they collapse and shrink and take on the shapes here illustrated. The malaria plasmodium darkens the blood, hence the sallow complexion of its victims, which is most striking in those whose whole system is saturated with malaria.

There is no uniformity about the time of these malarial attacks, but the disease usually prevails when the soil is being plowed by the farmers in the spring and fall. It is found in localities where great decay of vegetable matter is constantly going on, as in forests and swamps. Frost destroys the malaria bacillus, and during a severe winter the germs nearest the surface are rendered harmless. But those below the point of freezing, when exposed to the warm sun after plowing time, are very apt to be revivified, becoming as pernicious as ever. The malaria plasmodium yields only to quinine or arsenic, and these plasmodia are invariably found in the blood cells of malarial patients before the administration of these remedies. With their application the plasmodia disappear.

While malaria is not necessarily a serious ailment, it may lead to after troubles of a dangerous character. The malaria plasmodium, being foreign to the blood, is thrown off through the natural scavengers of the body—the liver, the kidneys and the spleen. Thus the liver and spleen are often enlarged in persons afflicted with malaria, and much darker in color than in their normal state. The plasmodia are apt to bring on Bright's disease by attacking the kidneys, and cirrhosis of the liver, by clogging that organ, and nothing but arsenic or quinine will neutralize the poison in the blood. Typical malaria is always accompanied by fever, which is either remittent or intermittent. Remittent fever is continuous, and unless promptly checked may lead to typhoid fever, which is often the serious afterclap of a case of protracted malaria.



THIS IS THE MALARIA PLASMODIUM—THE GERM IN THE BLOOD.

Public Duty.

The old-fashioned subordination of the individual to the demands of the State was a cardinal principle of a statesman who died lately in France—M. Eugene Spuller, who had been minister of education and of foreign affairs, and had held other important public posts. He was always serious in his devotion to a public duty.

Monsieur Spuller was once asked if the post of deputy, or representative, did not subject its holder to a somewhat cruel test. He admitted that it did.

"In exposing one to criticism and abuse, I suppose?" his questioner asked.

"Oh, no," said Monsieur Spuller. "The deputy has no right to think of those, so long as he is conscious of doing his duty as well as he can do it. The sorrow of a public representative's life lies in his inability to serve all the good causes that appeal to him."

Monsieur Spuller took an important part in the elevation of Monsieur Casimir-Perier to the head of the ministry, and afterward to the presidency of the republic. He was much displeased when Monsieur Casimir-Perier suddenly resigned the presidency.

"These young men," he exclaimed, "renounce public honors as if they had been given them on their own account!"

All Manner.

Sometimes there is very little in matter and almost everything in manner. Harper's Drawer tells of an irascible German father who angrily waved a telegram in the face of his meeker wife, and said:

"Listen to the tone in which that rascal of a son speaks to his father! The impertinent spendthrift! 'Father, send me money! Hannes.' Now, what do you say to such barefaced impudence? Spending money, and then giving his father peremptory orders to send more?"

"But he does not say that, my dear husband," replied the mother, taking the telegram in her turn. "Listen, this is what he writes" and with soft, pleading, ingratiating voice she read, "Father! Send me money. Hannes." When she came to the boy's name, there were tears in her voice.

"If only he had written that!" said the father, and he was almost persuaded to pity.

M. EDOUARD COLONNE.

Sketch of the Great Champion of Wagner in Paris.

M. Edouard Colonne, the champion of Wagner in Paris, whose orchestra of 109 performers was lately transferred to London for a series of concerts, began his career as director in this country. He visited America in 1868 as an orchestral player, and it was in Boston that he first held the post of leader. M. Colonne founded the Association Artistique twenty-two years ago and has continued ever since, proving himself a high source of helpfulness to the younger French composers, to whose work he gives special attention.

M. EDOUARD COLONNE.

FAMOUS HETTY GREEN.

How a Street Gamin Got the Best of Her in a Financial Transaction.

Hetty Green, the wealthiest woman in the world, stopped at a Washington hotel a few days ago, says an exchange. She did not register and the clerks had orders to conceal the fact of her presence. An amusing incident occurred during the millionairess' visit to Washington. She brought with her to the hotel a canary. The old lady was passionately fond of the bird, and when it escaped from the room one day she was grief stricken. In her sorrow and excitement she made a wild offer

HETTY GREEN.

of $5 to the bellboy who would find her pet. The neighborhood was scoured by the buttoned gentry and, their search being unsuccessful, they tried several "ringers" on the old lady. But she knew her bird and refused to be duped. The canary was finally found by a small freckle-faced newsboy. He carried it up to Mrs. Green, who went into an ecstasy of joy. The boy had placed the bird in a small wooden cage, which he clutched firmly in a very dirty hand. "Give me the cage, my little man," said Mrs. Green. "Gimme de dough," retorted the unabashed boy. Mrs. Green told him she would willingly give the dollar she had promised. "Say," replied the gamin, "you take me fer a good t'ing. I ain't. Youse promised five; and five I gits, or I'll wring the stiff's choker," and the boy made a villainous move toward the bird, which chirruped feebly. This was too much for Mrs. Green. She hastily pulled out a bill with Gen. Grant's vignette on it and exclaimed: "You little scoundrel, now will you hand me that cage?"

"Gimme one hand on dat bill," sullenly said the boy.

"And you give me one hand on that cage," hissed Mrs. Green. This strangely assorted pair advanced cautiously toward each other, and in that fashion exchanged cage and bill. The boy gave a whoop of joy as he slid down the banisters.

A Distinction.

Some men's wits are sharpened under cross-examination, as in an instance cited by the Green Bag, a legal journal.

Counsel in a case lately pending for trial in the New York Surrogate Court had his question met with the answer: "The matter slipped my mind."

"In other words, you forgot such an important event."

"No, I haven't forgot it."

"Pray, sir, what difference is there between forgetting a matter and having it slip from your mind?"

"Well, counsellor, it is this way: A thing slips from the mind, but by and by you remember it; but if you forget a thing it never comes back."

His honor of course, made note of this distinction without much difference.

Late—What! Have all your daughters become engaged this summer? I wished to ask for the hand of Fraulein Marie myself! "Oh, she is the most engaged of all!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Why don't you marry that girl? She is a real pearl." "Ah, yes; but I don't like the mother of pearl."—Scottish Nights.

A big railroad man will promise you more, and do less for you, than a politician, or liar.

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

THE FINDING OF FINGALL

By GILBERT PARKER.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]

"Fingall, Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

A gray mist was rising from the river, the sun was drinking it delightedly, the swift blue water showed underneath it, and the top of White Faced mountain peaked the mist by a hand length. The river brushed the banks like rustling silk, and the only other sound, very sharp and clear in the liquid monotone, was the crack of a woodpecker's beak on a hickory tree.

It was a sweet, fresh, autumn morning in Lonesome valley. Before night the deer would bellow reply to the hunters' rifles and the mountain goat call to its unknown gods, but now there were only the wild duck skimming the river and then rising and fading into the mist, the high hilltop, the sun and again that strange cry: "Fingall, oh, Fingall! Fingall!"

Two men, lounging at a fire on a ledge of the hills, raised their eyes to the mountain side beyond and above them, and one said presently:

"The second time! It's a woman's voice, Pierre!"

Pierre nodded and abstractedly stirred the coals about with a twig.

"Well, it is a pity—the poor Cynthie!" he said at last.

"It is a woman, then. You know her, Pierre—her story?"

"Fingall! Fingall! Fingall!"

Pierre raised his head toward the sound, then after a moment said:

"I know Fingall."

"And the woman? Tell me."

"And the girl. Fingall was such as Shon McGann, all fire and heart and devil may care. She—she was not beautiful, except in the eye, but that was like a flame of red and blue. Her hair, too, then, would trip her if it hung loose. That was all, except that she loved him too much. But women—et puis! When a woman gets a man between her and the heaven above and the earth beneath, and there comes the great hunger, what is the good? A man cannot understand, but he can see, and he can fear. What is the good? To play with life, that is not much, but to play with a soul is more than a thousand lives. Look at Cynthie."

He paused, and Lawless waited patiently. He knew Pierre well.

Presently Pierre went on.

"Fingall was gentle. He would take off his hat to a squaw. It made no difference what others did. He didn't think. It was like breathing to him. How can you tell the way things happen? Cynthie's father kept the tavern at St. Gabriel's Fork, over against the great sawmill. Fingall was foreman of a gang in the lumber yard. Cynthie had a brother—Fenn. Fenn was as bad as they make, but she loved him, and Fingall knew it well, while he hated the young skunk. The girl's eyes were like two little fireflies when Fingall was about, and what he thought of her he said to me once, 'They are the kind God made for the whole year round.' He was a gentleman, though he had only half a name—Fingall—likethat. I think he did not expect to stay. He seemed to be waiting for something, for always when the mail came in he would be there, and afterward you wouldn't see him for a time. So it seemed to me that he made up his mind to think nothing of Cynthie and to say nothing."

"Fingall, Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

The strange, sweet, singing voice sounded nearer.

"She is coming this way, Pierre," said Lawless.

"I hope not to see her. What is the good?"

"Well, let us have the rest of the story."

"Her brother Fenn was in Fingall's gang. One day there was trouble. Fenn called Fingall a liar. The gang stopped piling. They expected the usual thing. It did not come. Fingall told him to leave the yard and they would settle some other time. That night there was a wicked thing. We were sitting in the barroom when we heard two shots and then a fall. We ran into the other room. There was Fenn on the floor dying. He lifted himself on his elbow, pointed at Fingall and fell back. The father of the boy stood white and still a few feet away. There was no pistol showing—none at all. The men closed in on Fingall now. He did not stir. He seemed to be thinking of something else. He had a puzzled, sorrowful look. The men roared round him, but he waved them back for a moment and looked first at the father, then at the

Somebody beside Cynthie touched her arm.

son. I could not understand at first. Some one pulled a pistol out of Fingall's pocket and showed it. At that moment Cynthie came in. She gave a cry. I do not want to hear a cry like that often. She fell on her knees beside the boy and caught his head to her breast. Then, with a wild look, she asked who did it. They had just taken Fingall out into the barroom. They did not tell her his name, for they knew that she loved him.

"'Father,' she said all at once, 'have you killed the man that killed Fenn?'

"The old man shook his head. There was a sick color in his face.

"'Then I will kill him,' she said.

"She laid her brother's head down and stood up. Some one put in her hand the pistol and told her it was the same that had killed Fenn. She took it and came with us. The old man stood still where he was. He was like stone. I looked at him for a minute and thought. Then I turned round and went to the barroom. The old man followed. Just as I got inside the door I saw the girl start back and her hand drop, for she saw that it was Fingall. He was looking at her very strange. It was the rule to empty the gun into a man who had been sentenced, and already Fingall had heard his 'God, have mercy!' The girl was to do it.

"Fingall said to her in a muffled voice, 'Fire, Cynthie!'

"I guessed what she would do. In a kind of a dream she raised the pistol up, up, up till I could see it was out of range of his head, and she fired. One, two, three, four, five! Fingall never moved a muscle, but the bullets spotted the wall at the side of his head. She paused after the five, but the arm was still held out, and her finger was on the trigger. She seemed to be in a dream. There were only six chambers in the gun, and of course one chamber was empty. Fenn had its bullet in his lungs, as we thought. Some one beside Cynthie touched her arm, pushing it down. But there was another shot, and this time, because of the push, the bullet lodged in Fingall's skull."

Pierre paused now, but waved with his hand toward the mist which now hung high up like a canopy between the hills.

"But," said Lawless, not heeding the scene, "what about that sixth bullet?"

"Mon Dieu, it is plain! Fingall did not fire the shot. His revolver was full, every chamber, when Cynthie first took it."

"Who killed the lad?'

"Can you not guess? There had been words between the father and the boy. Both had fierce blood. The father in a mad minute fired. The boy wanted revenge on Fingall, and to save his father laid it on the other. The old man? Well, I do not know whether he was coward or stupid or ashamed—he let Fingall take it."

"And Fingall took it to spare the girl, eh?"

"For the girl. He knew it wasn't good for her to think that her father killed his own son."

"And what came after?"

"The worst. That night the girl's father killed himself, and the two were buried in the same grave. Cynthie"—

"Fingall, Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLUNDERS OF SPEAKERS.

A Well Known Orator Points Out Some Humorous Instances.

Mr. Joseph Malins, himself a well known public speaker, gives The Woman's Signal some amusing instances of the humors of public speaking. It is, he thinks, a lack of fluency that causes the speaker so often to blunder. Mr. Malins has listend to a temperance orator deploring the fact that a friend resorts to "the frequent use of the daily glass." He heard a notable lady speaker speak of slum children "brought into the world with no more idea of home comfort than the children of negroes in Africa."

One speaker said, "I rise emphatically," and another said, "I stand prostrate with astonishment." Yet another feelingly told his audience that it was "not the platform speaker, but the house to house visitation and the utterance of the silent word by the caller which did the most good." The statements that "the previous speaker's suggestions were very suggestive" and that another speaker's remarks were "miscalculated to mislead" Mr. Malins also mentions.

Then there is the speaker who always misplaces his "h's" and who prays "that we might be brought to the halter." There was a flight of fancy when the speaker asked, "Suppose if a modern balloon dropped upon an uninhabited island, what would the natives say?" The scientific lecturer said of his coming experiment that "all depends upon the present condition of the body about to be created." A town councilor spoke of "the rivers and streams that abut on the borough boundaries." Among Mr. Malin's other examples is the speaker who began with saying, "The proper study of mankind in general is the—the study of mankind in general," whereupon an urchin in the audience cried out, "You're a-goin in at the same hole you came out at."

No less embarrassed was the old gentleman, who, stumbling through an after dinner speech, said, "I—I have no more to say, and so—and so—I'll make a few more remarks." The builder frankly declared he was "more fitted for the scaffold than the platform." Sometimes the chairman errs in welcoming the speaker. A chairman was heard to welcome a speaker as one "who is always with us, and we wish he would come oftener." Kind was the announcement that "there will be twc more opportunities to hear the lecturer once more." It was when the meeting ended that the chairman asked the audience to "close by singing just one verse of the doxology."

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You don't have to pay the difference, though. It comes out of our profits.

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FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

We Live and Die for a Purpose—New Departure in a Chicago Church—Baptists Have a Fine Structure in Philadelphia.

What Is Life?

WHAT is life? A subject inexhaustible. We come into life, not of our own choice, but by the will of the Almighty, Creator of all life. We look upon the foliage which appears with the warm rays of sunshine in the spring of the year; and then, in turn, when shivering blasts of winter come, all that has been life withers and dies to all external appearances. But, is that life extinct? No—not dead—but slumbering, cared for by the Ruler of the Universe. So would I liken the human life to that of the slumbering foliage. We live and for a purpose. Man, the superior of all that is life, endowed with all our ever-loving God can give to the human life, or that which we may wish for, unless it be a keener sight so that we may penetrate the clouds and the heavens, that we might see beyond the scope of our present comprehensions. It would be needless to add, that would bring about a chaos unwelcomed, indeed. Therefore, we are content to live, but to live is not all that we were intended for. There is a wide field in which to make life what we live for. We see the infant in the mother's arms fondled with all the love and care that only a mother can give, that the little one may live to become a useful member of the community and a comfort to the parent; and yet, without a moment's warning, the innocent babe, too young to have sinned, withers and dies, like the foliage, gone back to mother earth again—and this we call life.

We see the young just entering upon their career in life, with such bright prospects; some wandering far from the path which they might have trod with honor—a life's long sorrow to the loving parents. This, we call life, but it must be said, without living. Then, again, there are those who seem never to wander from the right path with success just within their grasp, the promise of a long and useful life, a benefactor to their fellow-beings; when, at last, that little spark which is called life, suddenly begins to flicker, and goes out, like a stripling of a tree snapped in twain by the winds, as though it were but a reed. The aged parent weeps, and we wonder, what is life? when all that we love is taken from us and returned to earth again. Then, in more somber thoughts, we draw upon our imagination the picture of an ideal life. They who bring sunshine into every home and whose very presence seems to illuminate the darkness of the unfortunate by seeking the careworn and needy, bestowing beneficence with a liberal hand. Happy are they in their good doing.

Dr. Canfield's Unique Work.

Rev. Dr. Andrew J. Canfield, pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church, whose unique work has attracted no small attention in other cities, is one of Chicago's foremost clergymen. During the years he has been at the head of St. Paul's that organization has prospered nobly. Dr. Canfield is fortunate in that he is not required to worry about finances. His congregation is rich and can afford to house itself according to its tastes. It was from this surety that the doctor's work sprang. He began agitation in his flock with a view to making the church useful not alone as a religious body, but in the broader field of philanthropy. This feeling had its outlet in the establishment of a kinder-

DR. A. J. CANFIELD.

garten and an industrial school, both of which are now agents for the accomplishment of much good. Dr. Canfield has just introduced a new feature into the work of his church. The well-known preacher and lecturer, Dr. J. J. Lewis, was engaged some time ago as assistant pastor of St. Paul's, and each Sunday evening is given up to one of his interesting illustrated lectures. The congregation is delighted with the innovation. Dr. Lewis is already demonstrating the wisdom of Dr. Canfield's progressive spirit, and St. Paul's auditorium is becoming an interesting place to spend Sunday evening. Dr. Lewis' lectures form an attractive addition to the services at St. Paul's.

Baptists' New Building.

The American Baptist Publication Society celebrated the opening of its new building at Juniper and Lombard streets, Philadelphia, recently. The society has splendid quarters in its new home. The structure is large and imposing. It is gracefully yet very substantially built, six stories in height. The walls are laid with buff colored, smooth-faced brick. The building has a frontage of eighty feet on Lombard street and a depth of 110 feet on Juniper street. The stairways are iron and the ceilings of hollow tiles, thus giving the building a certain safety from fire. As a printing plant the new building and its equipment are perfect. The first floor is devoted to the general business of the concern, the counting house, shipping and mailing department. On the second floor is the press room. On the third floor is done the sheet work

BAPTIST'S NEW BUILDING.

and here the general stock is stored. The fourth and fifth floors are used as a bindery. The electrotyping and composing departments occupy the top floor. The association is well satisfied with its new quarters.

Love's Sweet Work.

A London paper, according to the Central Baptist, tells this touching story of Prof. Herkomer. His aged father, who lives with him in his splendid home at Bushney, used to model in clay in his early life. He has recently taken to it again, but his fear is that soon his hands will lose their skill, and his work will show the marks of imperfection. It is his one sorrow. At night he goes to his early rest and when he has gone his talented son goes into the studio, takes up his father's feeble attempts, and makes the works as beautiful as art can make it. When the old man comes down in the morning he takes the work and looks at it, and rubs his hands and says: "Ha! I can do as well as ever I did!" May we not believe that the hands of divine love will thus make over our feeble work for God till it shall bear the light of day and be perfect to all eternity?

Guardian Angels.

With us in our wanderings,
With us when we rest;
Ever waking thoughts most holy,
Purified and best.

Roaming wheresoe'er we may,
O'er the sea or land;
Ever strengthened, led and guided
By a helping hand.

Ministering angels now
Are the glorified;
Heavenly comforts are those
Whom we say have died.

Watchful care they give us now,
Tender love bestow;
Drawing nearer, nearer heaven,
Helping us to go.

The Children and the Church.

The presence of children in the house of God at the hour of divine worship is an important characteristic of an ideal church. The practice of leaving the children at home when the parents go to church is entirely too common. If the oncoming generation is to be trained to church-going and properly fitted for the religious responsibilities of mature years, the time to begin is in childhood. The ideal church is constituted of all ages and all grades. The young and old, "the rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Unfrequently a great wrong is inflicted upon young children in excluding them from the regular services of the sanctuary on the Lord's day, and the result is injurious to the church. For, the natural and logical tendency of this evil habit is to increase the number, already too great, of non-churchgoers.

Bits of Things.

He who would serve must sacrifice.

Who judges another, condemns himself.

Men who believe the most achieve the most.

Resist troubles and many of them will flee from you.

Faith is strong as one realizes its ground and anchorage.

The little things overlooked rob our lives of joyful strength.

Falsehood may have its hour, but it has no future.—Pressense.

A sentence well couched, takes both the sense and the understanding.—Feltham.

A thing is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.—Seneca.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.—Dickens.

Study not only yourself, but those about you. By planning to live with others, we can best live for others.

The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts of the wayside as we walk.—Emerson.

There never was found, in any age of the world, either religion or law that did so highly exalt the public good as the Bible.—Bacon.

It is not money only that makes people rich. God is glad to give things worth more than money to those who choose his way. He gives good thoughts, good wishes, good feelings.

To character and success, two things contradictory as they may seem, must go together—humble dependence and manly independence; humble dependence on God, and manly reliance on self.—Wordsworth.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

The Lesson of the Stars.

One night we were sitting out of doors in the moonlight, unusually silent, almost sad. Suddenly someone—a poetic looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said in a low tone: "Did you ever think of the beautiful lesson the stars teach us?" We gave a vague, appreciative murmur, but some soulless clod said: "No; what is it?" "How to wink," he answered, in a sad, sweet voice.

Seeing the Point.

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the boy obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with chip dirt—dime novels."

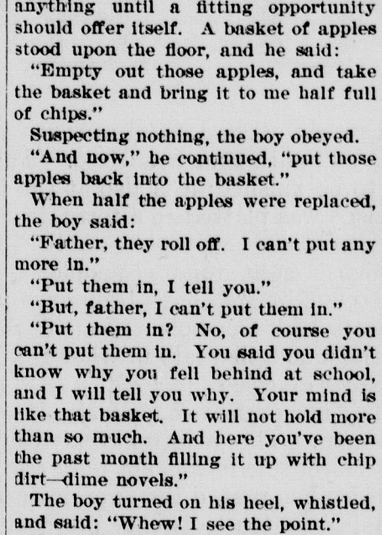
The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

A Tempest in a Bottle.

Some of our young experimenters may be interested in a simple device for making a real rainstorm in a bottle. The only apparatus necessary is a tall bottle, like the one shown in the cut, and an ordinary coffee saucer. The bottle is half filled with alcohol of 92 degrees strength, and heated in a bath of water until the alcohol, the bottle and the saucer are of an almost equal temperature. Then the apparatus is removed from the water, wiped quickly with a soft cloth, and the experimenter is ready to watch some wonderful transformations inside of the bottle.

The vapor of the alcohol soon rises and fills the bottle, but the saucer cools



MAKING RAIN IN A BOTTLE.

rapidly, and the vapor being warmer is quickly condensed. Real clouds appear in the upper part of the bottle, and presently, as the cooling process goes on, tiny rain drops form and fall just as in a regular shower.

The whole process of the distribution of moisture on the earth's surface is illustrated in the bottle. The alcohol is the ocean or the lake, the air above it is the clear sky, and the warm bath of water in the sun. The saucer plays the part of the cold currents in the upper air and condenses the vapor which the sun draws up from the ocean.

A still more striking result can be obtained by using a cold saucer in place of the warm one. In that case the difference of temperature will be increased and there is a regular old-fashioned hurricane.

This very simple experiment was invented recently by Prof. Errera, of Brussels, and almost any of our boys and girls could interest a whole class or a school exhibition with it. Try it. —Chicago Record.

Two Jackdaws that Were Chums.

Dogs and cats and birds have their good friends and boon companions as well as boys and girls. A charming account of two friendly old jackdaws comes from Hilda Millet, of Sharon, Mass. Listen to what she says:

"The summer I was 8 years old my mother took me to the tower of London. There were two old jackdaws hopping about on the parade ground, and I threw to one of them a piece of the bun I was eating. It took it and hopped quite a long distance to where some old cannon stood that were used in the wars long ago. He hopped up on one and put down his piece of bun; then he hopped way across the parade ground to the other jackdaw, and I think he must have told him that there was a little girl over there who had a bun, for both of them hopped over to me. I gave the other jackdaw a piece. Then the one who put his bun on the cannon went away and ate it. He did not want to eat his dinner till his friend had some."

Did any of you ever hear of a more generous bird?

They Surprised Queen Victoria.

The Queen is very fond of children. One day she was out driving in Scotland, when she saw three little girls who lived at the same manse thoroughly enjoying themselves at a good game.

She sent a messenger to make inquiries about them, and desired that they might come and visit her at the castle.

It so happened that their parents were not at home at the time, and although they were in high glee the children did not quite know what to do.

One point which troubled them very much was how they should address the Queen. However, after a little talk they decided they could not do better than address her as the kings of old were addressed in Bible history.

When they were taken into her majesty's presence to the Queen's great amusement they fell immediately down before her and very solemnly exclaimed: "O Queen, live forever!"

They spent a delightful afternoon, and all too soon the time arrived for them to go home.

Imagine the Queen's surprise and amusement when, on leaving, they again fell down together and said this time:

"O Queen, live forever; And please may we come again another day?"

Joke Was on Mother.

There is a family over on the west side in which there are two twins. They are 5 years old and resemble each other so marvelously that only the mother can tell which is Gladys and which is Grace.

On Saturday night just before bedtime the mother issued the order for baths. The older children took theirs, and along about 9 o'clock it was the turn of the twins. They were undressed and waiting.

The mother took Gladys into the bath room and gave her a thorough scrubbing. Then she allowed the mite to play in the water for a few moments, and after that put her on the rug, dried her, powdered her and put her nightie on.

Just at this time the grocery boy came and the mother had to run downstairs and take charge of the provisions. After she had put everything away she came back, grabbed up a twin and took her to the bath room. The little girl did not say much. After she was bathed she scampered back to her bed room.

There was a whispered consultation between the twins, and then they both began to laugh as loudly as they could.

"What are you youngsters laughing at?" asked the mother, as she came into the room.

"Nothing," they both protested between giggles.

"But you are," insisted the mother. "Tell me this instant."

"Well," said Gladys, rolling about on the floor in merriment, "you gave me two baths and didn't give sister any." —Buffalo Express.

A Medicine Craze.

A man in Vienna has developed a mania for medicine, of which he swallows large doses daily, although suffering from no illness. This is a form of lunacy not altogether unknown.

To Heckington, in England, belongs the honor of being the birthplace of the largest consumer of medicine the world has ever known. This was Mr. Samuel Jessup, a rich grazier, who died in 1817. He was in many ways eccentric, but in none so much as in pill-taking, or what a chronicler of the period describes as "a most inordinate craving for physick."

The following figures may be regarded as incredible, but there seems to be no reason to doubt their accuracy. In the twenty-one years, from 1795 to 1816, Mr. Jessup consumed 226,934 pills, which is at the rate of 10,806 a year, or 20 a day.

Many more of these were taken in the later than in the earlier years. From 1811 to 1816, a period of five years, the rate of consumption averaged seventy-eight a day, while in one single year, 1814, Mr. Jessup swallowed as many as 51,500 pills.

These astounding figures came out in the course of an action tried at the Lincoln Assizes, in 1817, when an apothecary of Bottesford, who had supplied the whole of the medicine, sued Mr. Jessup for the amount of his bill. In spite of taking all these pills, with the addition of 40,000 bottles of mixtures and juleps and electuaries, Mr. Jessup, who was unmarried, lived to the age of 65. The apothecary's bill, for the amount of which he was sued, covered no less than fifty-five long and closely written columns.

Didn't Know Beans.

"Mr. Northside doesn't know beans," remarked a Pittsburg girl to a visitor from Boston.

"I have become cognizant of the fact that he is deficient in knowledge regarding the leguminosae," assented the latter.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

What She Wanted.

"Such a dress must hurt the woman who wears it."

"But it hurts the woman who doesn't wear it more."—Detroit Tribune.

Very Small Living Organisms.

Microscopists say that the strongest microscopes do not reveal the lowest stages of animal life

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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